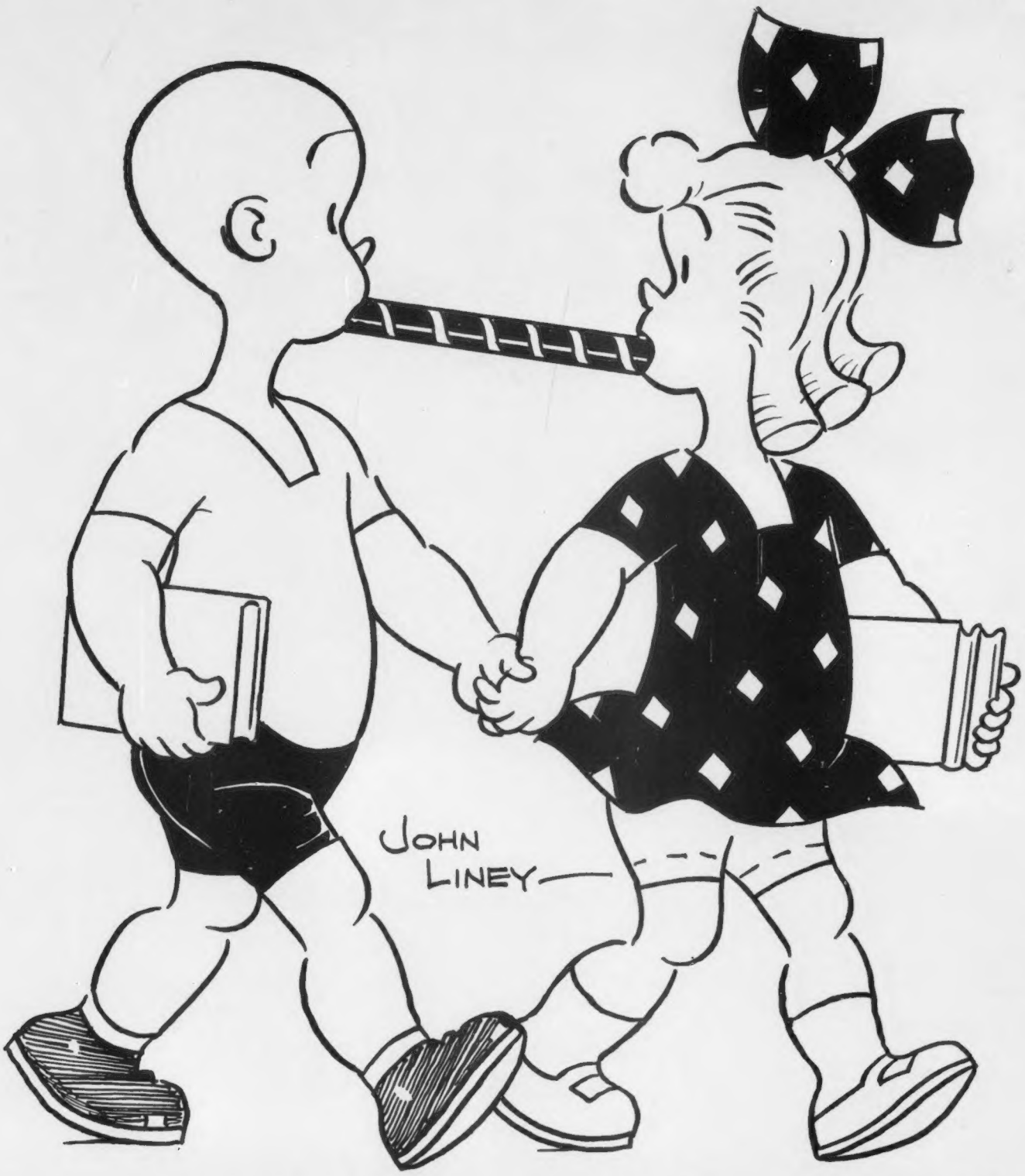
# CARTOONIST PROfiles




*This cover was drawn especially for CARTOONIST PROfiles by John Liney who writes and draws the daily Henry comic strip for King Features Syndicate.*

**NO. 31, Sept. 1976** **$3**

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*COMICS*

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PAUSE...FOR A SMILE

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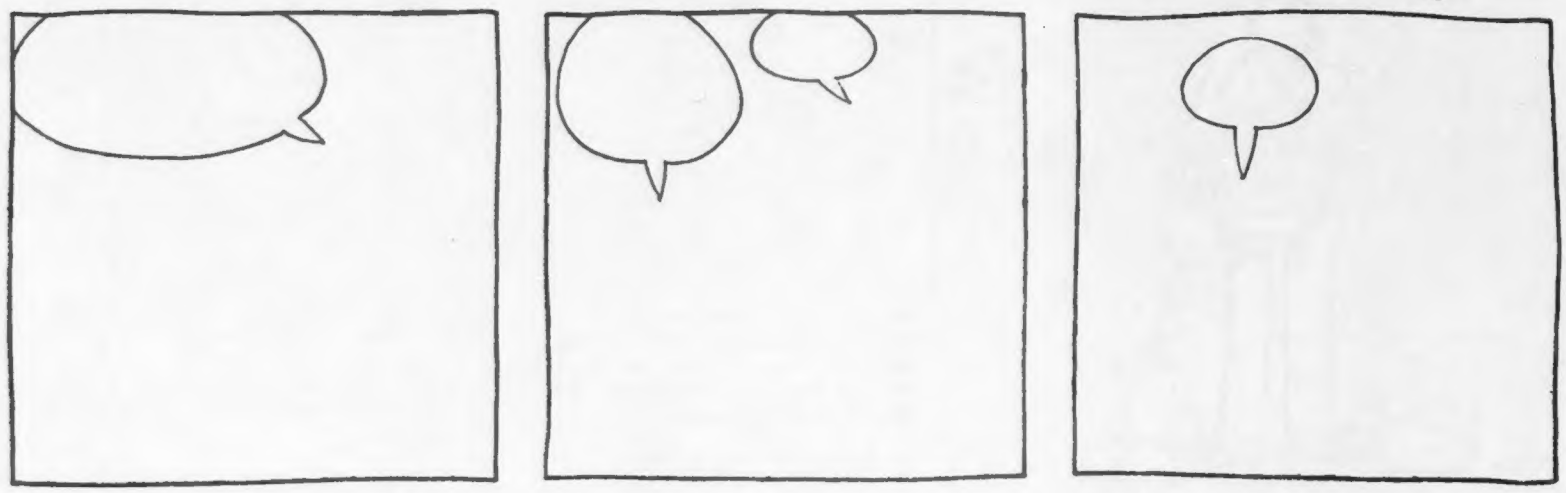

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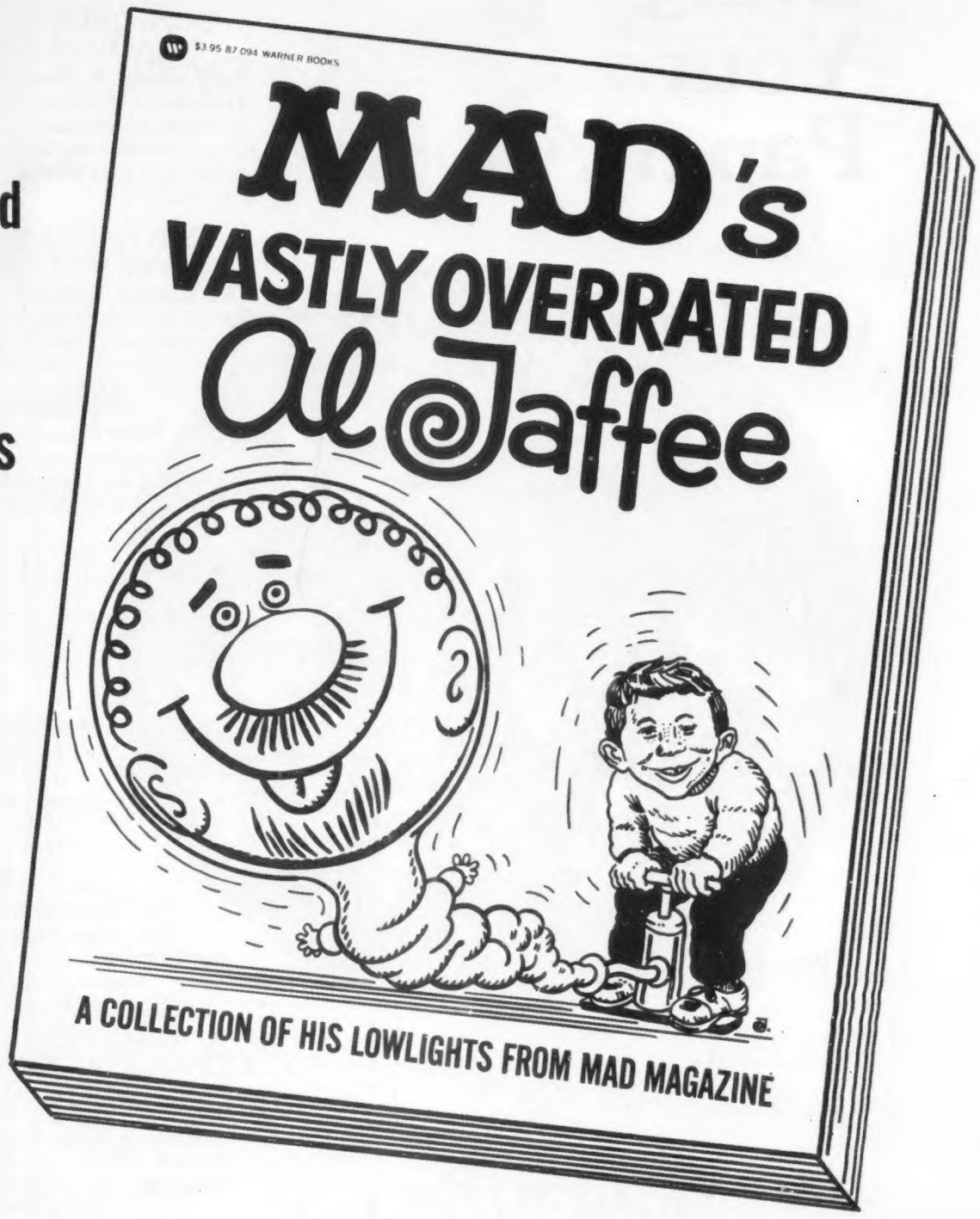


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***(Colum…***

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…arity and irony …nsforming the com…on-pla…ce into laughter. Comic panel.

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…he great best sell… …nd …efinitive argument-s… …er. …on.
***(Co…n)***

**…LLY & DUK…**
***by Jack Moore.***
…ew, contemporary …st …n the classic boy/do… …ationship. D & S …mic strip.

**…HE FORMU…**
***by Norman Sta…***
…t, and most practi… …step of the "how-to" movement. 1 x W.
***(Colu…***

**…ELLING SHOR…**
***by Ken Ross and …n Raden.***
…ight view which m… …siness and finance …erable. D panel.
***…olumn)***

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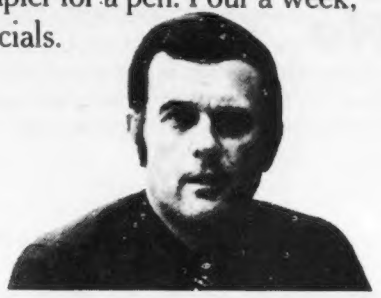

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# Special Features NYT

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Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036

Sept. 1976
No. 31

# CARTOONIST PROfiles

$3

**Editor: JUD HURD**

*Photos by Jim Ruth*

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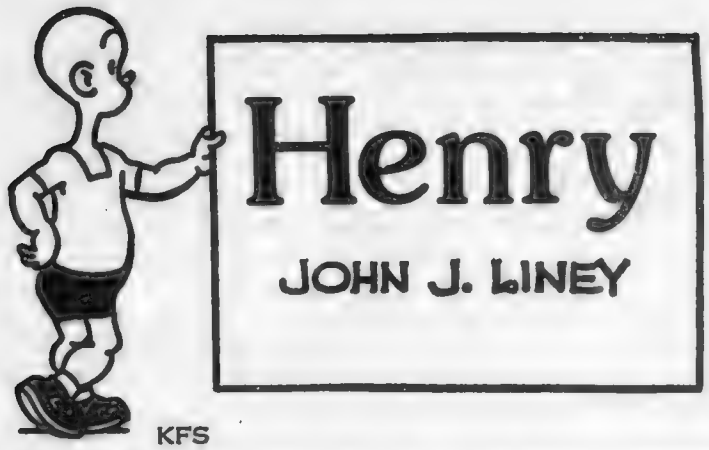
★★★



*One of our charter subscribers, John J. Liney, Jr., has written and drawn the daily HENRY comic strip, distributed by KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, for many years. In addition, John is booked a year ahead on the lecture circuit so we appreciate especially his taking the time to tell us about his work and his extra-curricular activities on these pages.*

My grandmother took me to see my first Charlie Chaplin two-reeler when I was about eight years old. From the opening shot, everyone began to laugh. And for a half hour we all roared and howled and bellowed with delight, until the too-soon 'finis'.

*("For anyone whose profession is visual comedy, it is as necessary to study the work of Charlie Chaplin as it is for the engineer to study mathematics." —Al Capp)*

I am now sixty-two years of age and firmly convinced that pantomime is the highest form of the cartoonist's art. I did not realize it at the time, but I had the God-given gift of VISUALIZING my ideas. I used sight gags in my drawings all through elementary, junior and senior high schools (almost) in a region of Philadelphia that produced such vocal talents as Mario Lanza, Eddie Fisher, Frankie Avalon and Bobby Rydell. Only one nationally known cartoonist, to my knowledge, emerged from South Philadelphia — a giant in his field named Walter Hoban, who drew a fine comic strip titled "JERRY ON THE JOB".

I left South Philadelphia High School for Boys in my sophomore year because of the untimely illness of my father. In those days, among my favorite pursuits was foraging newspapers from rubbish cans to scan the funny pages. One of these papers was a tabloid sheet called the WILLOW GROVE NEWS. It was produced in the offices of Meyer Davis, the society orchestra king, whose bands played for the lovelies making their debuts from Main Line Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Boston.

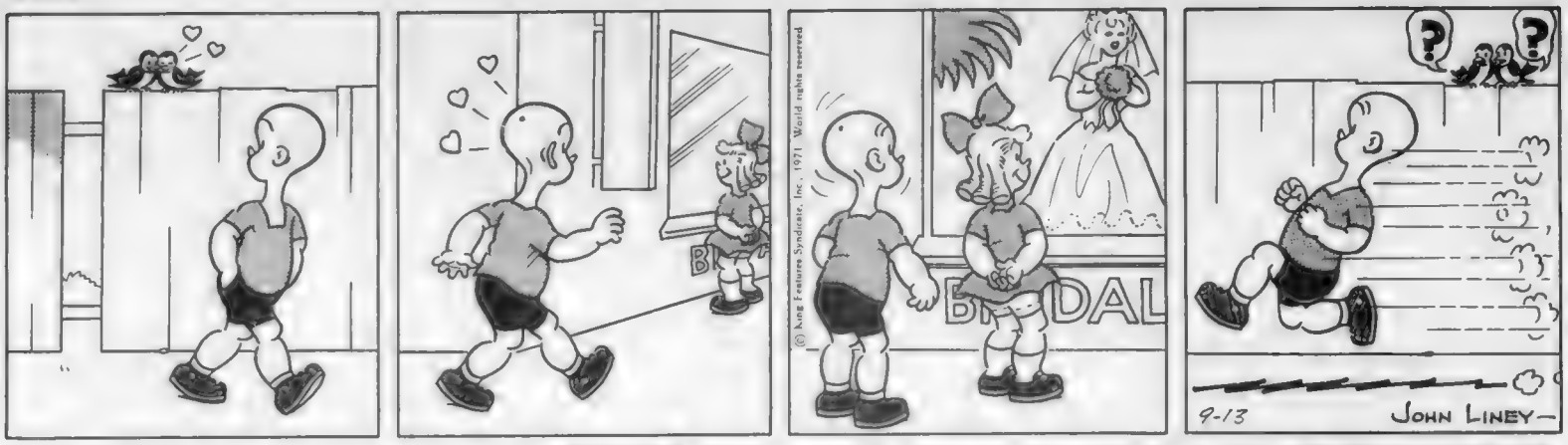
Mr. Davis' outside interests embraced the Lucky Strike Bowling Alleys in Washington D.C., and the Willow Grove Amusement Park in suburban Philadelphia.

The WILLOW GROVE NEWS featured a few cartoons which I thought (optimistically at fifteen years of age) I could improve. I drew some samples and presented myself at the newspaper office where I was promptly hired by Meyer's borther, Uriel, to draw comics for the paper and to perform as office boy and 'go-fer'.

All went well until the stock market crash in 1929 when I lost my ten dollar a week job. In an effort to keep at my career, I proceeded to make the rounds of the Philadelphia newspaper art departments. The now defunct *Evening Ledger* housed one of the largest art sections in the East and fortunately I was hired as a free-lancer to draw sport 'ear' cartoons. The 'ear' was the little block on the left-hand side of the newspaper's logo, on the front page.

In 1932, a panel cartoon in the *Saturday Evening Post* created much attention because of the odd appearance of a boy featured in the drawing. He was bald, long-necked, pot-bellied, knobby-kneed and mute. The comic was titled "HENRY". It depicted HENRY standing underneath a horse on a wintry day, his bald pate beneath the nag's sagging belly and another urchin asking: "Is your head warmer now, Henry?"

*HENRY*




The artist was Carl Anderson, a well-known contributor to the great humor magazines such as *Life, Judge* and *Puck.* Subsequently, HENRY appeared frequently in the Post and then became a weekly feature on the inside back page where advertisers asked to be placed next to the lad with the peculiar shape. In less than two years the Post feature became so popular that there were HENRY dolls and greeting cards in the shops. A German newspaper secured reprint rights.

On one of his European trips, newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst's eagle eye spotted the German version and he promptly set wheels in motion to find the artist and sign him to a contract. As a result, Carl Anderson, now seventy years old, embarked on a whole new career as a King Features Syndicate cartoonist. That was in 1935. Almost immediately came the first published HENRY hard back and a Sunday comic page, in addition to the six daily strips. In three short years Anderson and his bald moppet had been propelled to the top with dizzying speed.

I learned through an associate at the *Ledger* that Mr. Anderson bought ideas for his daily strip and I whipped up a batch of likelies and forwarded them to Madison, Wisconsin where the elderly artist lived near Lake Mendota.

Eureka! My flair for pantomime paid off. Anderson liked what he saw and bought four ideas at ten dollars per. I worked feverishly from that moment thinking exclusively of HENRY.

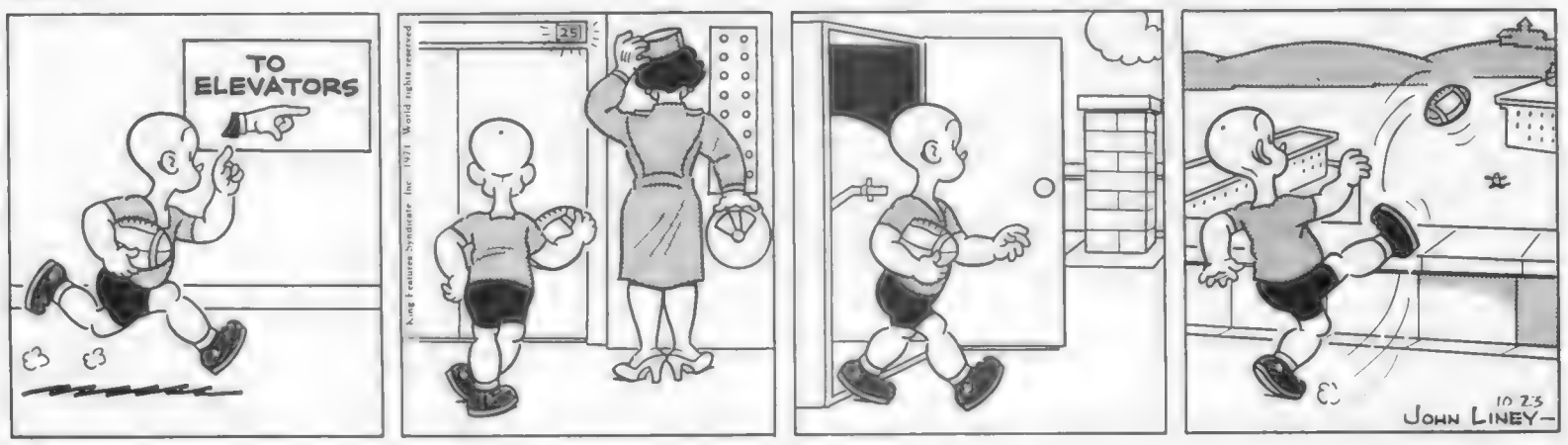
In 1936 Carl Anderson proposed an arrangement whereby I would mail him a dozen ideas weekly for a flat salary of fifty dollars regardless of the number he would use.

With this windfall, I promptly married Rosa Acquesta, the girl almost next door, my sweetheart and assistant. My fifty dollars was augmented by another income from teaching one of the first college level cartoon courses offered in the country, at Philadelphia's Temple University.

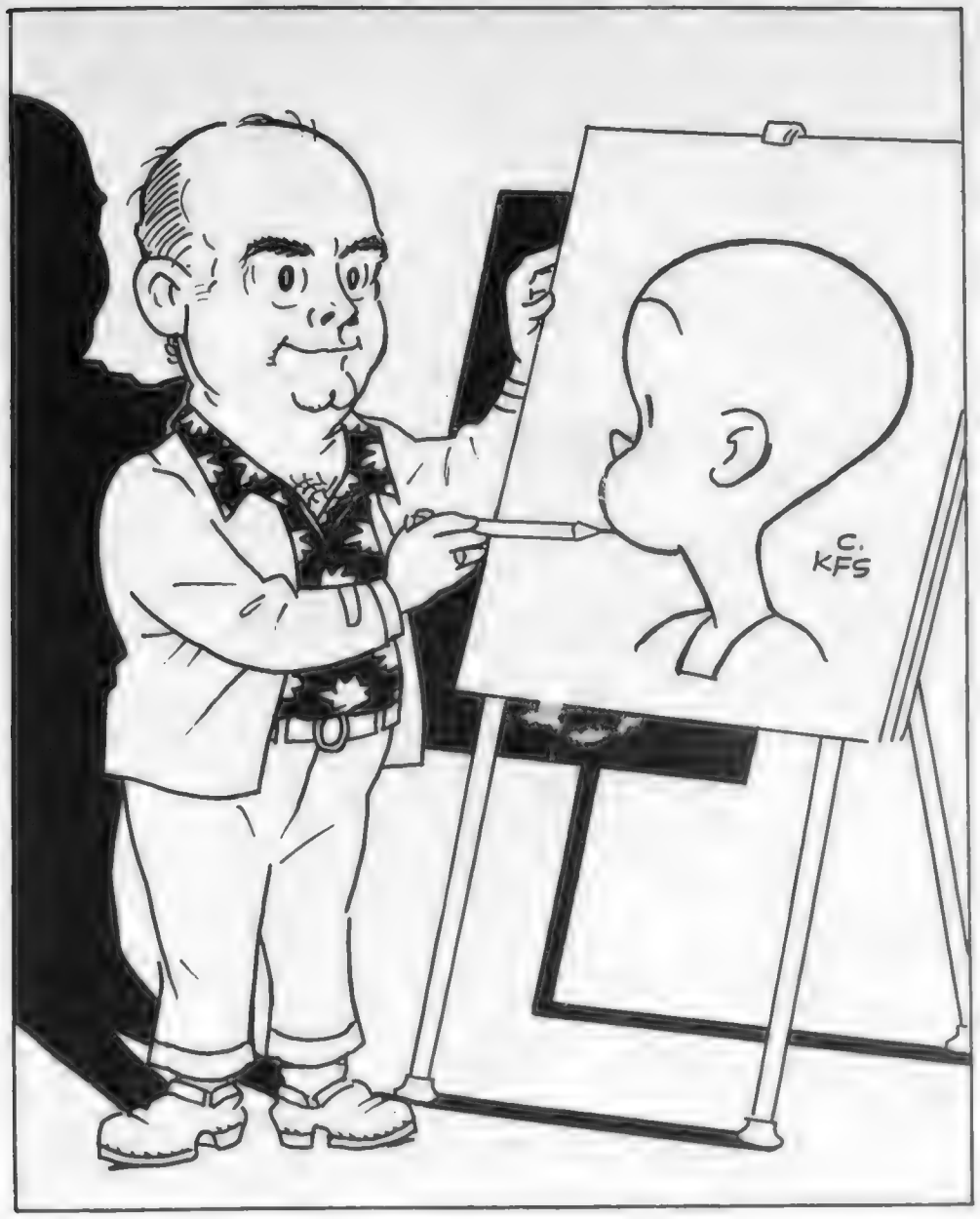
Incidentally, Anderson had an assistant in

*Winner of a HENRY Look-Alike contest.*

*HENRY*



*A Liney self-caricature*




Madison named Don Trachte, who did a great deal of pencilling and all-round chores for the aging cartoonist.

The Army-Navy football classic was a Philadelphia institution. Each year, HENRY, as well as many other top-notch cartoon characters appeared in the official program for the game. In return, the artists received four tickets each on the fifty-yard line. In 1941, interest in the contest was at a fever pitch and all hotel rooms in the Delaware Valley area were sold out!

Until this time I had never met Carl Anderson in person. All our business was easily and satisfactorily consummated by Uncle Sam's mailmen.

I received this telegram from Wisconsin: CANNOT GET RESERVATION STOP MAY I STAY AT YOUR HOUSE BEFORE AND AFTER THE GAME STOP CARL.

Anderson arrived on Friday, the day before the big game and Rosa prepared a spaghetti and meatball dinner prefaced by some Manhattans. Mellow and happy, my employer decided to take a nap after the meal. While washing the dishes, with me drying, Rosa calmly announced: "Take me to the hospital, John"...

The doctor explained that it was going to be a breach birth and that it would be wise for me to attend the game since I would be of little use fretting at the hospital. I woke Carl and told him the news. He said, sleepily, "You've drawn enough cartoons on the subject... everything will be all right." I thought "How would you know that... you're a BACHELOR."

Muriel Elise was born Saturday night and I saw her through the nursery window wearing a ribbon in her thick black hair.

Anderson stayed with us, correction, with ME, for a week and we talked HENRY and cartoons daily. I discussed an embryo idea I had been pondering involving HENRY and a double-decked ice cream cone. "What is a double-decker?" Carl asked, eyes shining like a child's. I told him it was simply two dips atop a cone. "I never had one," he observed wistfully, "Do you think we could get a couple tonight?"

As it was then past midnight, we had quite a trip finding an all-night drug store with a soda fountain open. Carl Anderson savored his first double decker ice cream cone — vanilla and chocolate!

On Sunday, December 7th, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and Carl Anderson left for the safety of blacked out Madison, Wisconsin, and I picked up my wife and daughter at Doctor's Hospital. Don Trachte, ten years my junior, enlisted immediately, and Anderson needed more help with HENRY — not only ideas but assistance with the drawing of the daily and Sunday comics. My career was launched.

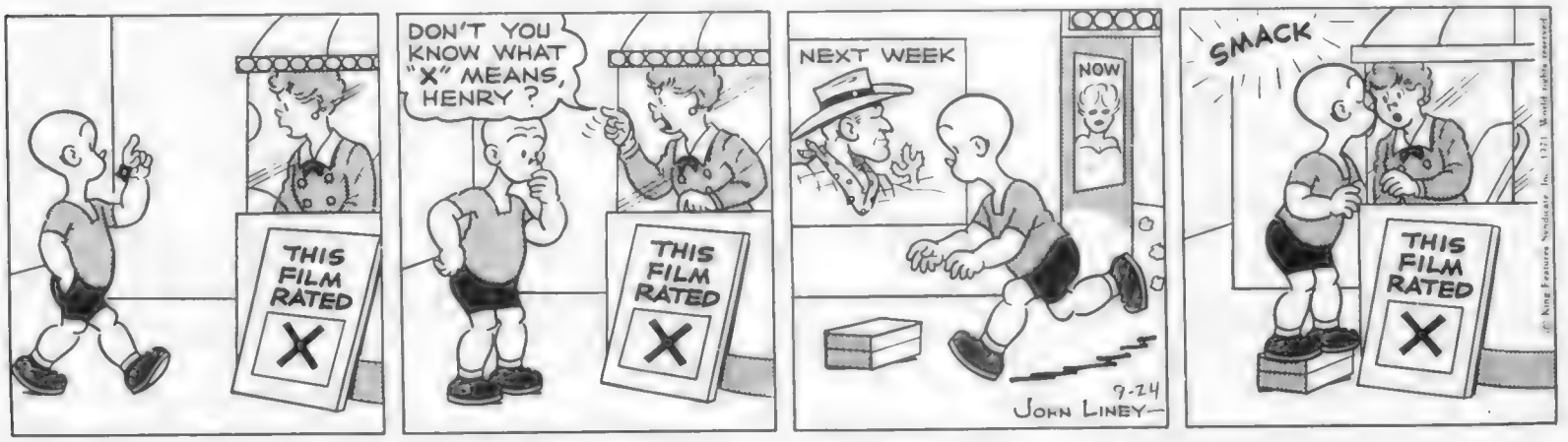
From this point on, HENRY's creator had problems of health and he deteriorated slowly. I was then doing EVERYTHING — from ideas to finalizing the entire HENRY operation. At this time, King Features Syndicate was going into the comic book business and requested that I turn out a one-shot HENRY book.

After a long illness, Carl Anderson died in 1947.

When the war ended, Don Trachte returned to take over the HENRY Sunday page while I continued with the Daily strip and bi-monthly comic books which were now doing well in the racks. They sold over fourteen million copies in fifteen years.

All my life, I had been a voracious reader and devoured everything that F. Scott Fitzgerald ever penned. Fitzgerald once observed that a creative person had just so much talent in his make-up and when that was exhausted, he was finished. This intrigued me since every cartoonist is plagued with the fear that he will never top the excellent week's work he had just completed. This is much like the golfer who mutters "I did well today, but how about tomorrow?"

I discussed my uneasiness with one of the priests at Our Lady of Good Counsel Church near my home in Huntingdon Valley, Pa. He



*Liney drawing for handicapped children.*

patiently pointed out that ideas would continue to flow as long as the artist lived and functioned.

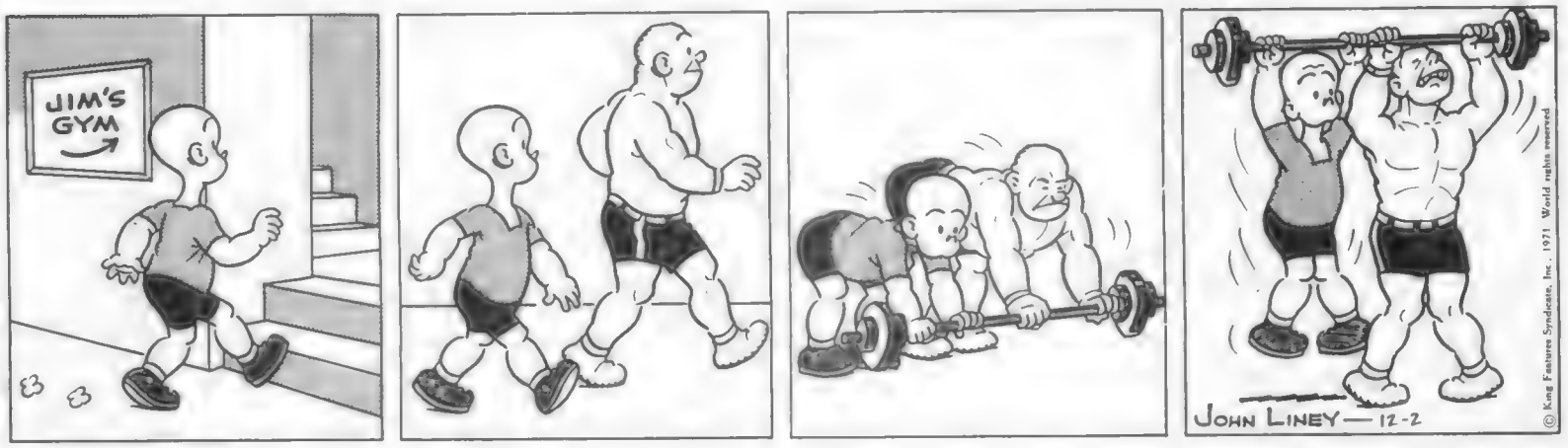
In cartooning, failure is not only built into the profession, but there are often personal set-backs, too. I consider myself a minor-league manic-depressive — I rarely live on an even emotional keel. Like Danny Thomas and Josh Logan, I am either very high or very low and must make the best of my creative abilities when I am "up". My particular Transcendental Meditation consists of thanking God every Sunday during Mass for the week that was, and requesting, if it is His Will, that He afford me the same graces in the week to come. IT WORKS!

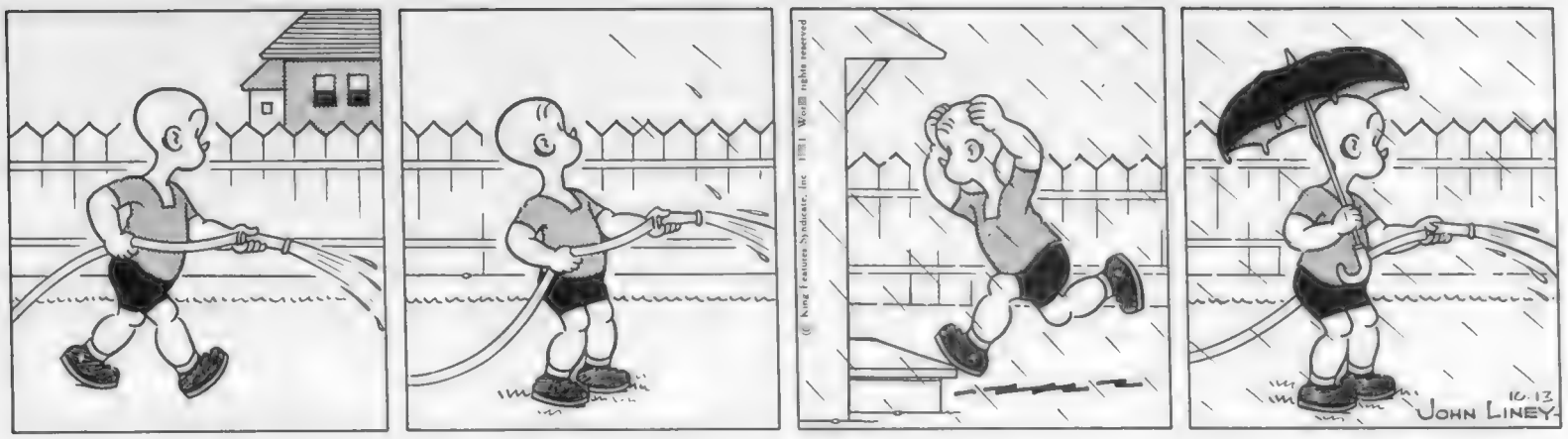
In 1967, Mrs. Robinette Hoover, an instructor at Eastern North Carolina School for the Deaf, in Wilson, was looking for a different method by which to get a language response from her charges.

After years of following HENRY's adventures in each week's full color comics section of the WILSON DAILY TIMES, she hit upon the idea of trying the strip in her language classes. HENRY brought immediate verbal response from the hard-of-hearing children. There also was swift reaction from the 'silent' children — those who found speech more difficult or those totally deaf and able to produce only unnatural, laborious and completely unintelligible sounds. Although it was not verbal, from this latter group Mrs. Hoover found response understandable. The children seemed to say, through expressions and gestures they LOVED the new method. They related to HENRY who also never spoke.

The overwhelming acceptance prompted Mrs. Hoover to communicate with me. She also contacted King Features Special Services department for permission to use HENRY in conjunction with her work.

Following Mrs. Hoover's direction, I drew many special comic strips to "help do the






*When Liney has received a booking for one of his lectures, he fills out this confirmation form and sends it to the organization where he is going to appear.*

Dear

This will confirm the date of
for the presentation of my illustrated lecture, "THE SERIOUS SIDE OF COMIC ART", or (WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THE FUNNIES"?)
to the

My program is divided into three parts:

1. An illustrated review of comic art in America, from 1900 to the present day, with a discussion of its effect on our culture, and our children.

2. A drawing lesson, in which the audience participates, for prizes of original HENRY cartoons. (This is a lot of fun, and the highlight of the show.)

3. A vote for the most popular comic strip of the day. This is followed by a question and answer period.

The entire performance runs from three quarters of an hour, to one hour, depending upon the enthusiasm of the audience. It is designed basically for adults but is appreciated by children from junior high school age and upward. It is not recommended for younger children. (A SPECIAL PROGRAM IS AVAILABLE FOR YOUNGSTERS).

My honorarium is

Here is the introduction that most program chairmen use:

"Our speaker is John J. Liney, Jr. who draws the comic strip, HENRY for over 500 newspapers throughout the world. HENRY never speaks, but Mr. Liney does .. and here he is" ....

Thank you for your interest in HENRY and me, and I promise you a most interesting and unusual program.

Comically yours,

JOHN J. LINEY, JR.
(pronounced LYE-NEE)
497 Leonard Road
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
WI-lson 7-2769

Note: Mr. Liney does not book speaking engagements during January, February or early March because of weather hazards.

It is respectfully requested that the fee be paid after the presentation, on the date of the performance.

explaining" for the children. She soon began to get excellent results from the youngsters who had been unable, previously, to compile their ideas in the proper syntax.

She started to use the strips — a picture at a time — explaining in short simple sentences the actions of HENRY. Then she would complete the series. After this 'tutoring' on the idea of the story, she began to give the written form of the language.

Hard-of-hearing children and those with other learning problems brought about by a hearing loss responded eagerly, telling their teacher about similar experiences. To the child who found it difficult to communicate through voice, there was the gesturing which said — in his own natural way — such things as "my daddy", "I know", "at home", and others.

These children knew many words. Their problem seemed to be how to put those words in proper form and all mental pictures they held in their minds, into sentences so they might better understand and be understood by others.

Mrs. Hoover used the cartoon method the entire year of 1967-68. Then in September of '69 four other instructors at the deaf school initiated the HENRY SYSTEM OF TEACHING. Today it is used in many schools throughout the country.

Mrs. Hoover wrote me about the one boy in her class who was concerned with the fact that HENRY appears to have no mouth YET he can eat and stick out his tongue. The youngster liked to play with cars and asked if HENRY played with cars. When told that he did, the child looked up at the comic strip picture, smiled and gestured as if talking to the cartoon and said "I like cars, too".

Another worried because HENRY did not wear an overcoat in the Winter. I wrote, explaining that HENRY wears very heavy underwear! The children think they are teaching HENRY. In the process and without any real knowledge of the fact, they teach *themselves.*

Mrs. Hoover took her method to the elementary school of the Texas School for the Deaf. She is now in San Antonio introducing HENRY to a new class of children.

Mrs. Hoover commented recently: "The little deaf child is first and foremost a CHILD, with all the same desires and innermost thoughts of his 'hearing' brothers and sisters. In his silence and gestures, he, too, is trying to understand and be understood. It is our aim and purpose to help straighten out his thoughts and give him a clear understanding of the importance language holds for him.

HENRY has offered each child a 'language' that is alive, that satisfies his own needs and explains what is happening around him. Through the language of HENRY he can relate HENRY's thoughts to his own and, in the process, learn to use that language to express his own original ideas."

Rosa, my wife and inspiration, still turns out tantalizing Italian dishes plus oil paintings that line the Liney walls. (I have the largest collection of Rosa Liney originals in the world.) Muriel Elise is Director of Public Relations at Holy Redeemer Hospital in Meadowbrook, Pa., where I appear each May on the occasion of the Valley Fair, drawing HENRYs for the children.

I have presented my chalk talk "WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THE FUNNIES" for sixteen consecutive years at Villanova University's Publications Conference for Catholic High Schools. This program has also been well received by service clubs, church and synagogue groups for over twenty-five years.

*John talks about the history of the comics.*

Just a word about my materials for those of your readers who are interested: I use Strathmore, 3-ply plate bristol for my finishes. A 2B pencil, 404 Gillott's pen for inking and a A5 Speedball pen for what lettering there is in HENRY. Higgins Black Magic is the ideal ink for my purposes.

I try to think up 3 good ideas each night and complete the strips the next day. Naturally, this does not always work out, since there is many a slip 'twixt idea and drawing.

When precious time permits, I enjoy a round of golf. Many balls are lost, not because of erratic play, but souvenir hunters pilfer my spheres (specially made for me) featuring HENRY's expressionless profile.

My den walls are filled with trophies, awards and plaques. The latest of these reads: "To John J. Liney, Jr. for his lasting and untiring promotion of HENRY and ALL newspaper comics." This is the Annual JESTER Award from the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc.

I am proud of all these tributes, but tucked away in my files is a folder wrapped in silver foil, holding a packet of letters and drawings from handicapped children. They make me happy that I chose a career in the toy department of journalism — the field of *pantomime* comic art.

In conclusion, there is no more exciting, creating way to earn a living than being a professional cartoonist. I work in my own home, set my own schedule. In short, I exert much larger control over my life than most people. I get paid well for what I enjoy — drawing funny pictures — work that is always different and absorbing. ●

# Simpson
## TULSA TRIBUNE

*David Simpson*

*Talking with DAVID SIMPSON, the editorial cartoonist of the TULSA TRIBUNE, at the recent May convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, we recalled inviting him some time ago to tell our readers about his work. David is one of that group of very perceptive young political cartoonists who have been adding so much to this branch of the profession in the past few years. In the following interview, written by Mary Hargrove, the Education Writer for the TULSA TRIBUNE, you'll see that David mixes a good deal of fun in with his serious editorial cartooning. When we asked him to send us a few photos of himself at work, in addition to the usual standard front view, David came up with the four additional pictures which accompany this story. The captions are his so don't blame us.*

*David Simpson's cartoons are now being distributed by the UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE.*

*By MARY HARGROVE*

Snoopy sat atop his dog house attired in World War I flying ace head gear and scarf. A discarded newspaper bearing the headline "Rickenbacker Dies" lay at his feet and a lonely tear rolled down the little beagle's face.

Dave Simpson, cartoonist for the Tulsa Tribune, recalls this wordless salute to the original flying ace as his most popular panel but the serious motif is not representative of the author, a self proclaimed study in perpetual motion.

Any afternoon, Dave's six foot, two inch frame and limitless laugh permeates the Tulsa Tribune newsroom as he tries out endless streams of cartoon ideas on the staff.

"Picture this. The inside of a movie theater showing 'All the President's Men'. Richard Nixon is in the audience and a voice announces that due to circumstances beyond the theater's control, there is an 18-minute gap in tonight's feature;"

OR Kissinger negotiating with Panama saying, "We'll give you the canal and we'll take Park Place and St. Charles Place."

He admits the tendency to go for the laugh clashes inwardly with his more serious current events ideas.

"I have a big fear of being a gag man for the editorial page," he said. "It's easier to be funny than doing the best cartoon that says something."

An Air Force brat-preacher's son, Simpson attended grade school in Japan and Germany, high school in Chicago, Oregon and Panama.

He was editor of his junior high, high school and college newspapers and published two off-campus humor magazines.

"I discovered early that you could say things in a cartoon that would not pass the journalism advisers in written form," he said. "I refined my doodling hobby with drawing classes and a correspondence school art course."

In 1971, Simpson was named best student editorial cartoonist in the nation by Pi Delta Epsilon honorary collegiate journalism fraternity.

Although he earned an English degree, the hobby blossomed into a career with the Tribune in 1971 and eventually led to national syndication through the Continental Features Inc. of Atlanta, Ga.

He terms himself a product of Mad Magazine and T.V., listing the more professional influences in his life as Vic Roschkov of the Windsor Star, Roy Peterson of the Vancouver Sun and Don Wright of the Miami News.

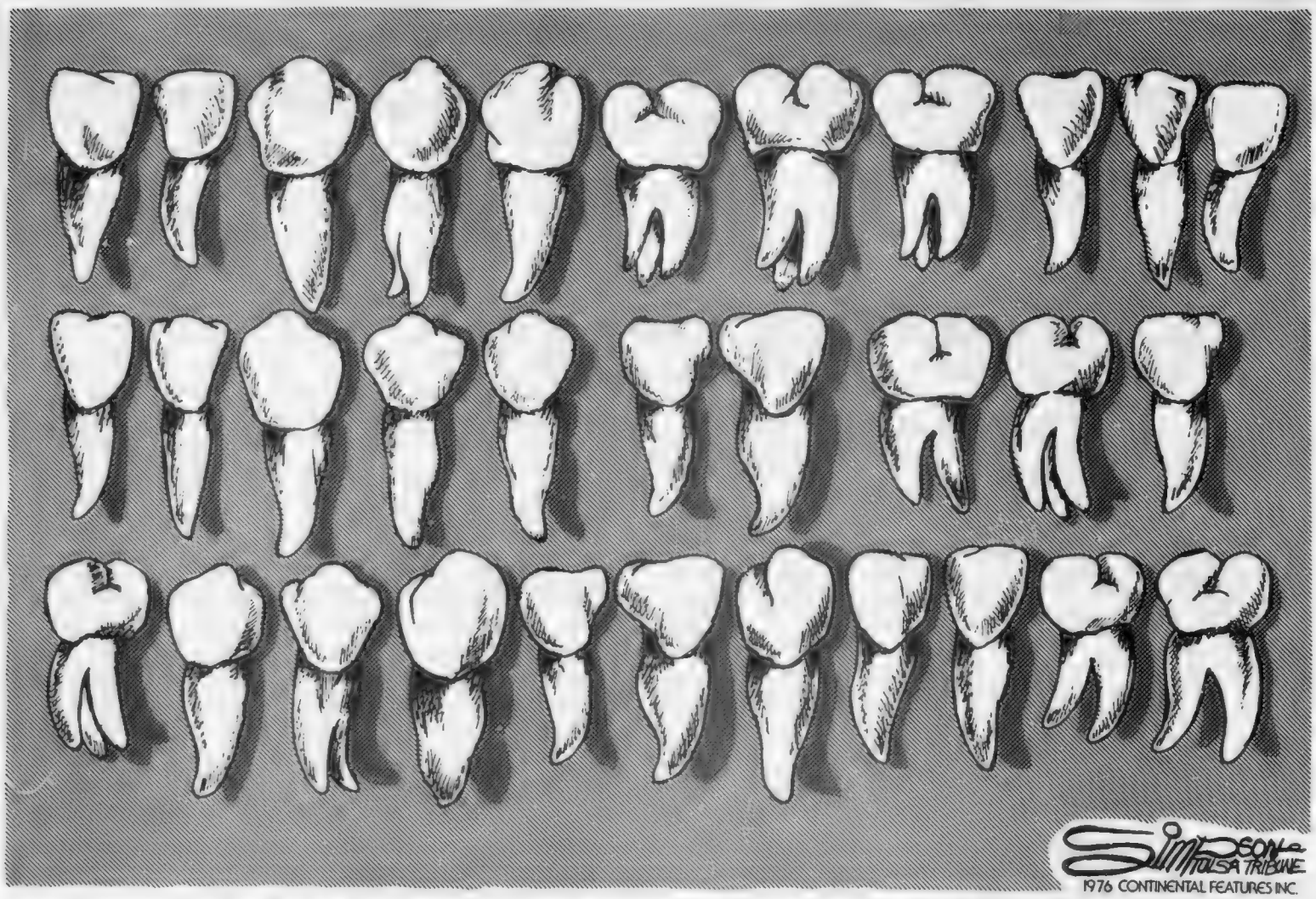
His technical style includes split brush, bold stroke on graphix paper.

His content, however, is pure Simpsonese.

He recalls few incidents in his five years in which his cartoons were killed "for taste".

"The day after Khrushchev died I drew him pounding on the gates of heaven with his shoe," chortles Simpson, shaking with delight at the idea.

A lawyer nixed the cartoon depicting Mickey Mantle and Pete Rose in baseball suits on one side of the picture with evangelist Billy Hargis, recently involved in allegations of mis-




**32 reasons why Jimmy Carter should be President**

**"Sometimes we mule skinners have to give a little ground."**

**"Greetings young man: Report to the nearest Army induction center...Teddy Roosevelt needs you for the Rough Riders."**

*1. Simpson does his reading with breakfast in the morning.*

*2. He comes to work to get ideas.*

conduct with both sexes on the other end. The caption: "Switch hitters."

"The important thing I have at the Tribune is complete freedom," he stresses. "I don't submit ideas for approval. My work is considered a bylined piece just like editorials "

"I hate to draw Mr. Everybody or John Q. Public although I do use symbolism," he said. "I get good reactions to contrasts, like drawing a huge Congress and a teeny Jerry Ford."

His favorite personalities to draw include Nixon, Kissinger, Meany and Golda Meir.

One well-known caricature responded by letter when Simpson concocted a million little people in an arena with one voice saying, "Is this the Billy Graham Crusade?" "No," replies his friend, "It's a gathering of democratic presidential candidates.".

Graham wrote Simpson and asked for a copy.

"You can't beat a call from the MAN at the top," Simpson says with eyes heavenward in hushed reverence which dissolves immediately into a roar of laughter least the bystander take him seriously.

Cartoonists seldom inject themselves into the picture and Simpson found the results could be lethal.

He featured an outspoken local woman political aspirant for city hall as a witch one day and was inundated with protests.

This was followed later with a cartoon of Simpson as a devil drawing with a tail and the woman in a nun's habit intoning, "First exorcism for this cartoonist, then for city hall."

That night, the Tribune offices suffered a major fire.

"It's my fault," Simpson says sheepishly. "I drew her as a nun and I forgot she was Jewish."

"When I didn't have an office after the fire, I got used to drawing to the soap operas," he said. "Then, I couldn't think without organ music."

"The cartoons I like the best, others don't like," he said. "People's reactions are weird. You think you've conveyed a message and you get 12 letters saying you parted Ronnie Reagan's hair on the wrong side."

When asked about his long range goals and plans, Simpson answers, "Just women and money," he pantomines greed, rubbing his hands and then laughs. "Did you hear about the Lebanon situation. Picture this..."

*3. Simpson sketches out his ideas.*

*4. He then completes the final cartoon.*

# ...Most Neglecte

## Phil Love

LOVE TO ALL

Do you believe that some people and some things are jinxed?

I do.

I've known many persons—and I'm sure you've known some, too—for whom hardly anything ever seemed to go right. A fellow who used to work for me at the Washington *Star*—we'll call him George—never got to the office of a morning, it seemed, without having something go wrong. He was a good guy, he deserved to have good luck, but he was jinxed.

Then there was an extraordinarily talented chap named Harry Schwalb. His full-time job was as a draftsman for an engineering company, but he was an excellent cartoonist, and he dreamed of someday being the proprietor of a successful comic.

Once, Harry brought me a strip that I thought was terrific, and I tried to help him get it syndicated. While Syndicate A was considering it, however, Syndicate B launched a comic so similar that Harry's would have been assumed to be an imitation. Harry tried two other strips and, astounding as it may seem, each was beaten to the marketplace by a similar feature.

A fellow named Malcolm Ader, who had written comic books for political campaigns, came up with an idea for a satirical strip on politics and politicians, and asked me if I knew of a cartoonist capable of drawing it. I recommended Harry.

Well, sir, madam, or person, as the case may be, Malcolm and Harry put together what I thought was a great comic—skillfully written, superbly drawn, and very funny. But, alas, every major syndicate—and some minor ones also—said no. There was no market, they said, for a strip poking fun at politicians.

You may say Malcolm and Harry were ahead of their time; I say that, as a cartoonist, Harry was jinxed. The last time I heard from him, he was still churning out mechanical drawings for that engineering firm.

■

*C. W. Kahles doing 'Hairbreadth Harry' in Great Neck, N. Y. 1930.*

*The Harry, Belinda, and Rudolph mos flashing teeth from 1907 on.*

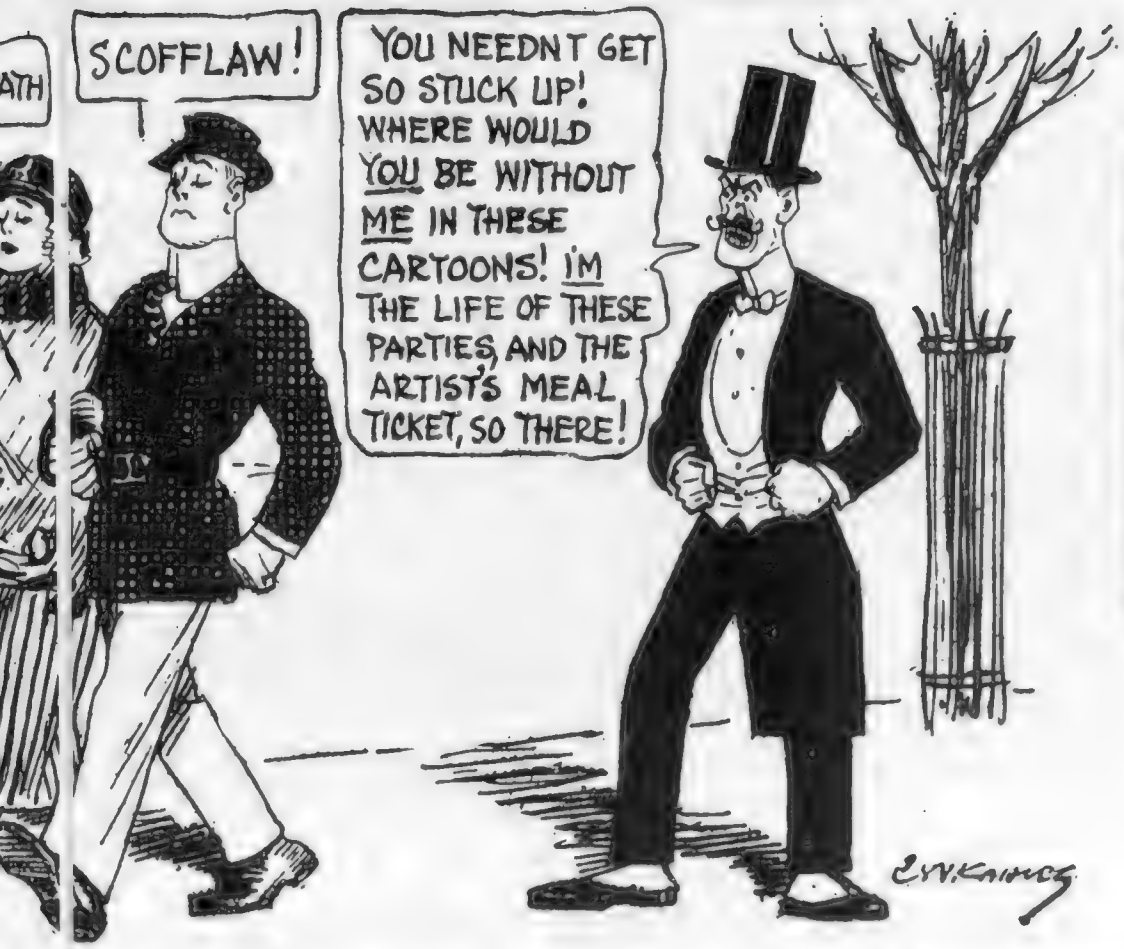
WHEN I WAS JUST a toddler, I'd sit on my grandmother's lap and look at the "funnies" in the Baltimore *Sun* and the Baltimore *American* while she read them aloud. Two of my favorites were *Hairbreadth Harry* and *Clumsy Claude.* I didn't learn until many years later that both were drawn by Charles William Kahles (1878-1931). And it was many more years before I realized that Kahles (pronounced KAH-less) was—still is, for that matter—the most neglected genius in the history of cartooning.

Between 1898 and his death of a heart attack at the age of 53, Kahles created at least 25 published comics. The longest lived was *Hairbreadth Harry,* which he produced from 1906 until 1931, and which was continued for eight years after his death by F. O. Alexander.

The most amazing thing about Kahles, aside from the quality of his work, was his prolificacy. He never had an assistant, but in both 1905 and 1906, he had eight comics running simultaneously. The 1905 features were *Clarence the Cop, Billy Bounce, Pretending Percy, The Teasers, Mr. Buttin, The Terrible Twins, Doubting Thomas,* and *Fun in the Zoo;* in 1906, Buttin, the Twins, Thomas, and Zoo were replaced by *Hairbreadth Harry* (at first titled *Our Hero's Hairbreadth Escapes), The Funny Side Gand, The Merry Nobles Three,* and *Billy Bragg.*

In spite of his busyness as a newspaper cartoonist, Kahles somehow found time to do oil paintings, draw serious illustrations, and make cartoons for *Life, Judge, Puck,* and other humorous magazines. More remarkable still, his daughter, Jessie Kahles Straut, recalls:

# ted Genius...


ATH
SCOFFLAW!
YOU NEEDNT GET SO STUCK UP! WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME IN THESE CARTOONS! I'M THE LIFE OF THESE PARTIES, AND THE ARTIST'S MEAL TICKET, SO THERE!
C.W. Kahles

*Jessie Kahles Straut*

*people remember. C. W. Kahles changed Harry and Belinda through the years but Rudolph kept his bony nose and*

"By pressing with his production, he was able to get far enough ahead to take us on three summerlong vacations in Europe, besides frequent auto trips around Long Island and New England. And when he died, after a ten-year struggle with a bad heart resulting from inflammatory rheumatism in his youth, he left behind three months' advance drawings of *Hairbreadth Harry.*"

The only cartoonist I've ever known who could come anywhere near to matching Kahles's productivity was Frank Beck. When he died in 1960, I was told, his daily and Sunday *Bo* had been drawn for more than a year ahead.

•

WHETHER OR NOT *Hairbreadth Harry* was the first adventure comic, as his daughter contends, it certainly was the first comic to be continued from one drawing to the next. And there can be no question that his *Sandy Highflier, the Airship Man* (1902-3) was the first aviation strip, and *Clarence the Cop* (1900-1909) the first police strip.

Back in 1915, a boy named Ernest McGee wrote to Kahles and asked advice on drawing and selling cartoons and comics. The artist's friendly reply helped McGee to become a professional cartoonist and a "lightning chalk talker" in vaudeville. Now the owner of one of the largest known private comics collections McGee says:

"All of C. W. Kahles's various series were more than good; they were masterpieces of comic art. . . . He had a style all his own, in both serious and comic drawing. It was instantly recognized by anyone who knew good pen-and-ink work. . . . No one could imitate his style of drawing and story-telling."

Another expert on the old-time funnies, Gordon Campbell, considers Kahles "the real genius of the pioneer cartoonists," and still another, L. C. Dobbins, also has praised him highly.

In the 1960s, John Higgins, who had reestablished the Ledger Syndicate, obtained Jessie Kahles Straut's permission to revive *Hairbreadth Harry.* Several editors, including this one, agreed to buy it, but it never materialized. "I've searched everywhere," Higgins told me, "but I can't find an artist who can give the strip the same flavor that Kahles gave it."

For some reason, Kahles and his work have never been given the attention they deserve. For that matter, Kahles's all-too-brief life wasn't as happy as it could have been, either.

There was his poor health, for one thing. His two marriages both ended in divorce. And he never earned as much money as some other cartoonists of far less ability.

Colton Waugh's book *The Comics* devotes exactly one and a half lines to Kahles and his works. Stephen Becker's *Comic Art in America* does considerably better in the matter of space, but ignores most of Kahles' comics and indicates that his career had ended by the time of World War I. Only Jerry Robinson's *The Comics* has come anywhere near to giving Kahles his due.

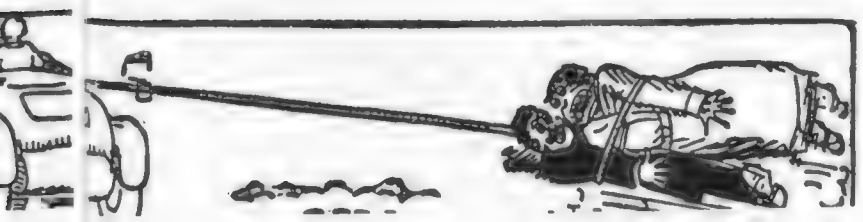
I was a member of the committee that picked the first members of the Cartoon Hall of Fame. Kahles was one of my nominees, but he failed to get the required number of votes.

For many years, Jessie Straut has been trying in every way she has been able to think of to win for her father the recognition that his works deserve. She has written to the National Cartoonists Society, the Newspaper Comics Council, to cartoonists, editors, writers—anybody and everybody she has thought might be helpful. She even wrote a book about her father, illustrated with a generous sampling of his best work, but at this writing author's agent Toni Mendez has yet to find the right publisher.

"Can it be," Jessie asked me, "that a jinx pursues our hero?"

I can't think of a better explanation.

■

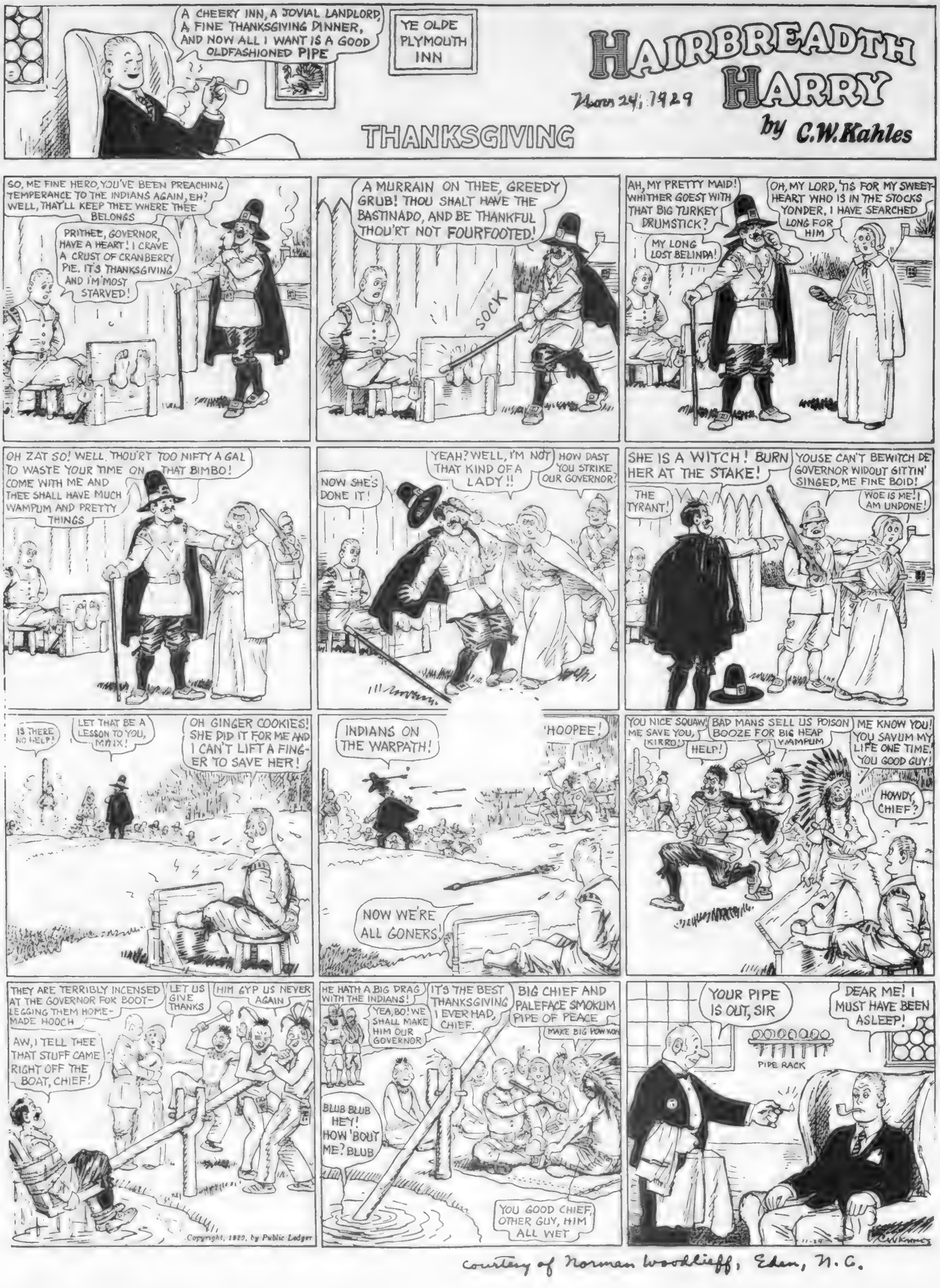


# HAIRBREADTH HARRY

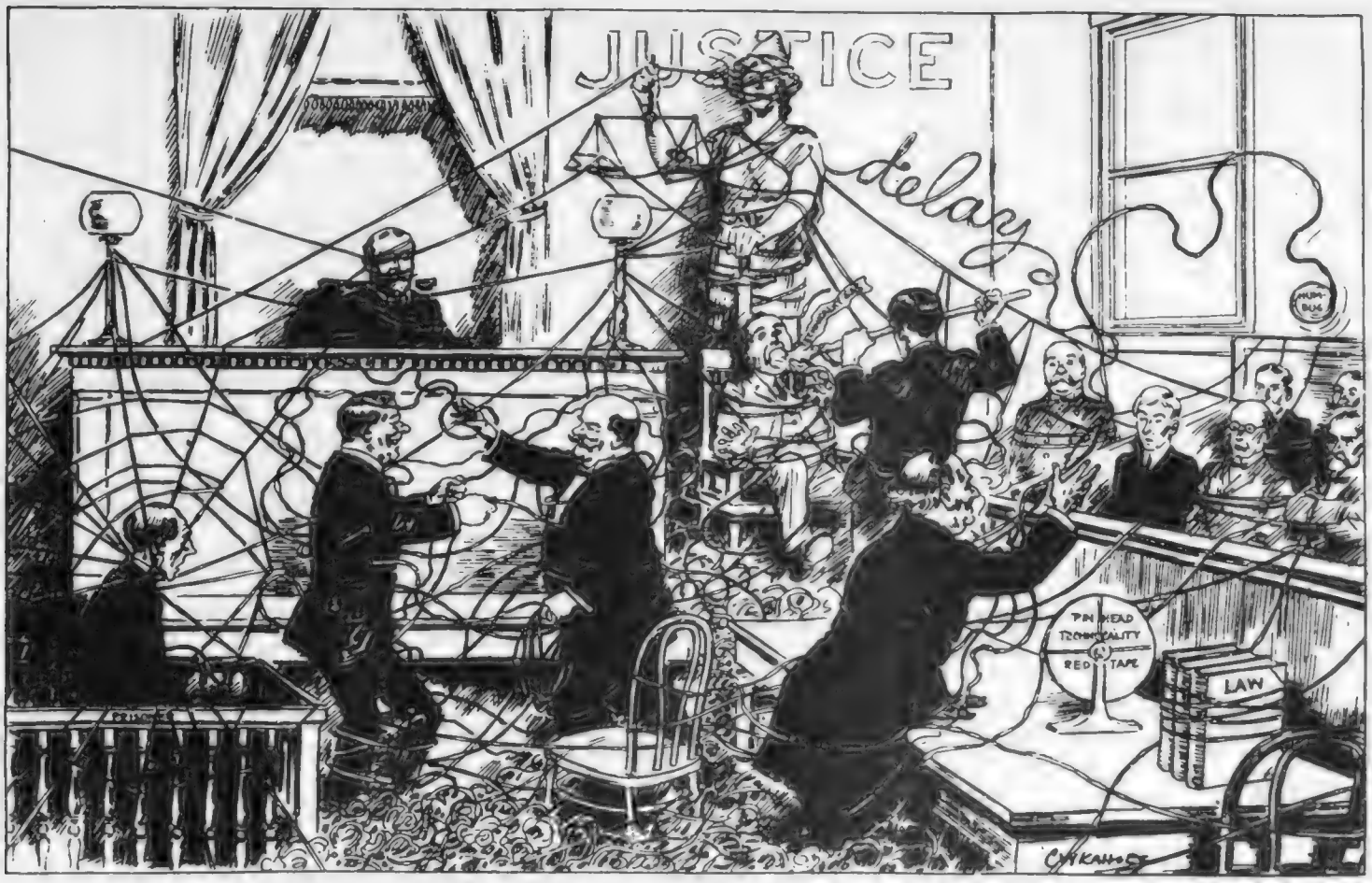
by C.W. Kahles

Nov 24, 1929

## THANKSGIVING


A CHEERY INN, A JOVIAL LANDLORD, A FINE THANKSGIVING DINNER, AND NOW ALL I WANT IS A GOOD OLDFASHIONED PIPE
YE OLDE PLYMOUTH INN
SO, ME FINE HERO, YOU'VE BEEN PREACHING TEMPERANCE TO THE INDIANS AGAIN, EH? WELL, THAT'LL KEEP THEE WHERE THEE BELONGS
PRITHEE, GOVERNOR, HAVE A HEART! I CRAVE A CRUST OF CRANBERRY PIE. IT'S THANKSGIVING AND I'M MOST STARVED!
A MURRAIN ON THEE, GREEDY GRUB! THOU SHALT HAVE THE BASTINADO, AND BE THANKFUL THOU'RT NOT FOURFOOTED!
SOCK
AH, MY PRETTY MAID! WHITHER GOEST WITH THAT BIG TURKEY DRUMSTICK?
MY LONG LOST BELINDA!
OH, MY LORD, 'TIS FOR MY SWEETHEART WHO IS IN THE STOCKS YONDER. I HAVE SEARCHED LONG FOR HIM
OH ZAT SO! WELL, THOU'RT TOO NIFTY A GAL TO WASTE YOUR TIME ON THAT BIMBO! COME WITH ME AND THEE SHALL HAVE MUCH WAMPUM AND PRETTY THINGS
NOW SHE'S DONE IT!
YEAH? WELL, I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A LADY!!
HOW DAST YOU STRIKE OUR GOVERNOR?
SHE IS A WITCH! BURN HER AT THE STAKE!
THE TYRANT!
YOUSE CAN'T BEWITCH DE GOVERNOR WIDOUT GITTIN' SINGED, ME FINE BOID!
WOE IS ME! I AM UNDONE!
IS THERE NO HELP!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, MINX!
OH GINGER COOKIES! SHE DID IT FOR ME AND I CAN'T LIFT A FINGER TO SAVE HER!
INDIANS ON THE WARPATH!
'HOOPEE!
NOW WE'RE ALL GONERS!
YOU NICE SQUAW! ME SAVE YOU, KIRRO!
BAD MANS SELL US POISON BOOZE FOR BIG HEAP YAMPUM
HELP!
ME KNOW YOU! YOU SAVUM MY LIFE ONE TIME! YOU GOOD GUY!
HOWDY, CHIEF?
THEY ARE TERRIBLY INCENSED AT THE GOVERNOR FOR BOOTLEGGING THEM HOMEMADE HOOCH
AW, I TELL THEE THAT STUFF CAME RIGHT OFF THE BOAT, CHIEF!
LET US GIVE THANKS
HIM GYP US NEVER AGAIN
Copyright, 1929, by Public Ledger
HE HATH A BIG DRAG WITH THE INDIANS!
YEA, BO! WE SHALL MAKE HIM OUR GOVERNOR
IT'S THE BEST THANKSGIVING I EVER HAD, CHIEF.
BIG CHIEF AND PALEFACE SMOKUM PIPE OF PEACE
MAKE BIG POW WOW
BLUB BLUB HEY! HOW 'BOUT ME? BLUB
YOU GOOD CHIEF, OTHER GUY, HIM ALL WET
YOUR PIPE IS OUT, SIR
DEAR ME! I MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP!
PIPE RACK

courtesy of Norman Woodlieff, Eden, N.C.



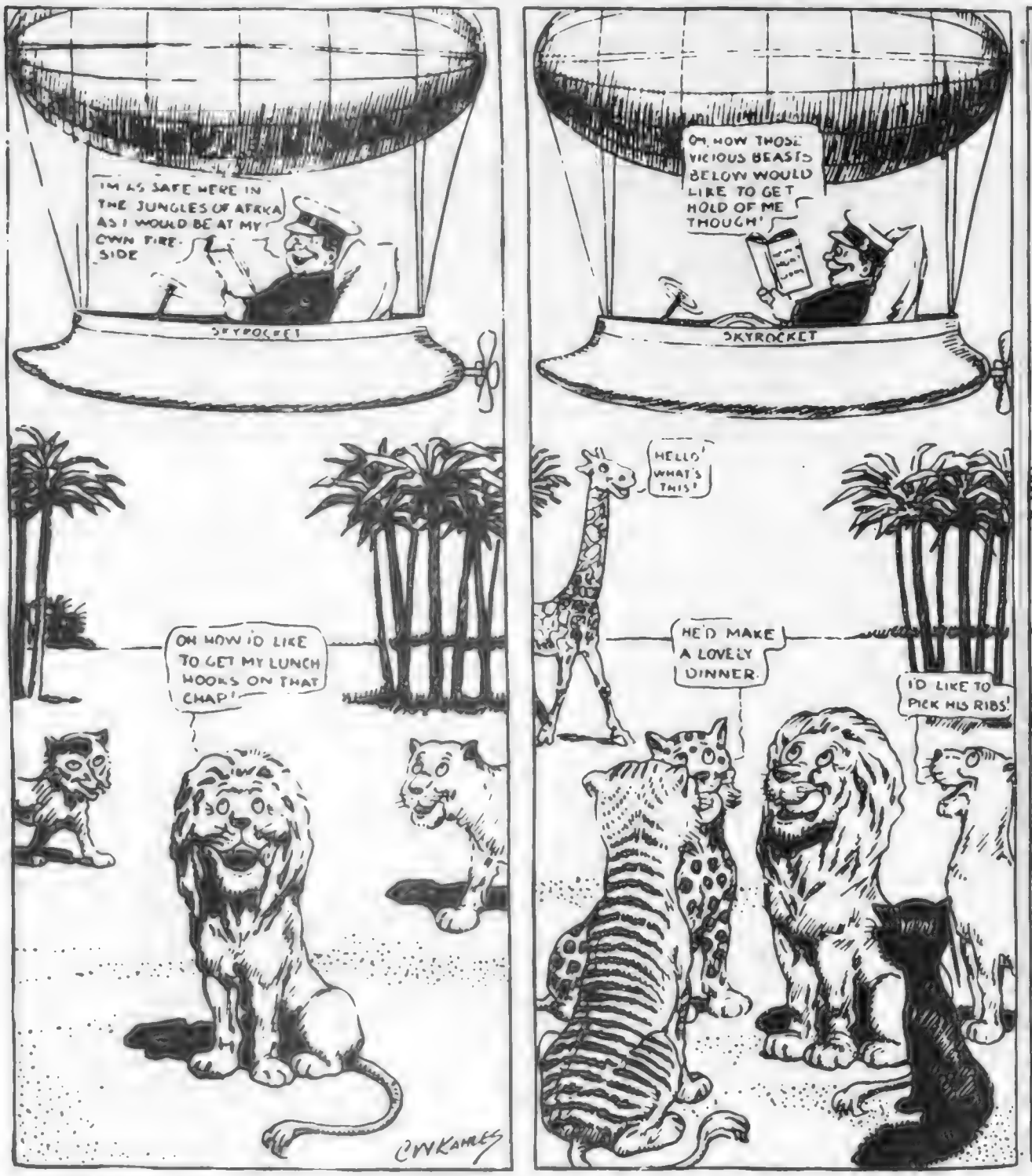

*Drawn by Kahles for 'Life'.*

THE WONDER OF WONDERS.

" Casey !"
" Phwat ?"
" Oi 'd loike to see the mon w'at plays thot big wan."

*Kahles was a regular contributor to Life, Judge and other humor and wit magazines. This drawing was for Life or Judge, c. 1910. The ship and the apparel resemble those of the time he took his bride, Estelle Phelps, to Europe for a summer's honeymoon.*

# The Airship Man Reckons


I'M AS SAFE HERE IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRIKA AS I WOULD BE AT MY OWN FIRE-SIDE
SKYROCKET
OH, HOW THOSE VICIOUS BEASTS BELOW WOULD LIKE TO GET HOLD OF ME THOUGH!
SKYROCKET
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS!
OH HOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY LUNCH HOOKS ON THAT CHAP!
HE'D MAKE A LOVELY DINNER.
I'D LIKE TO PICK HIS RIBS!
CWKahles

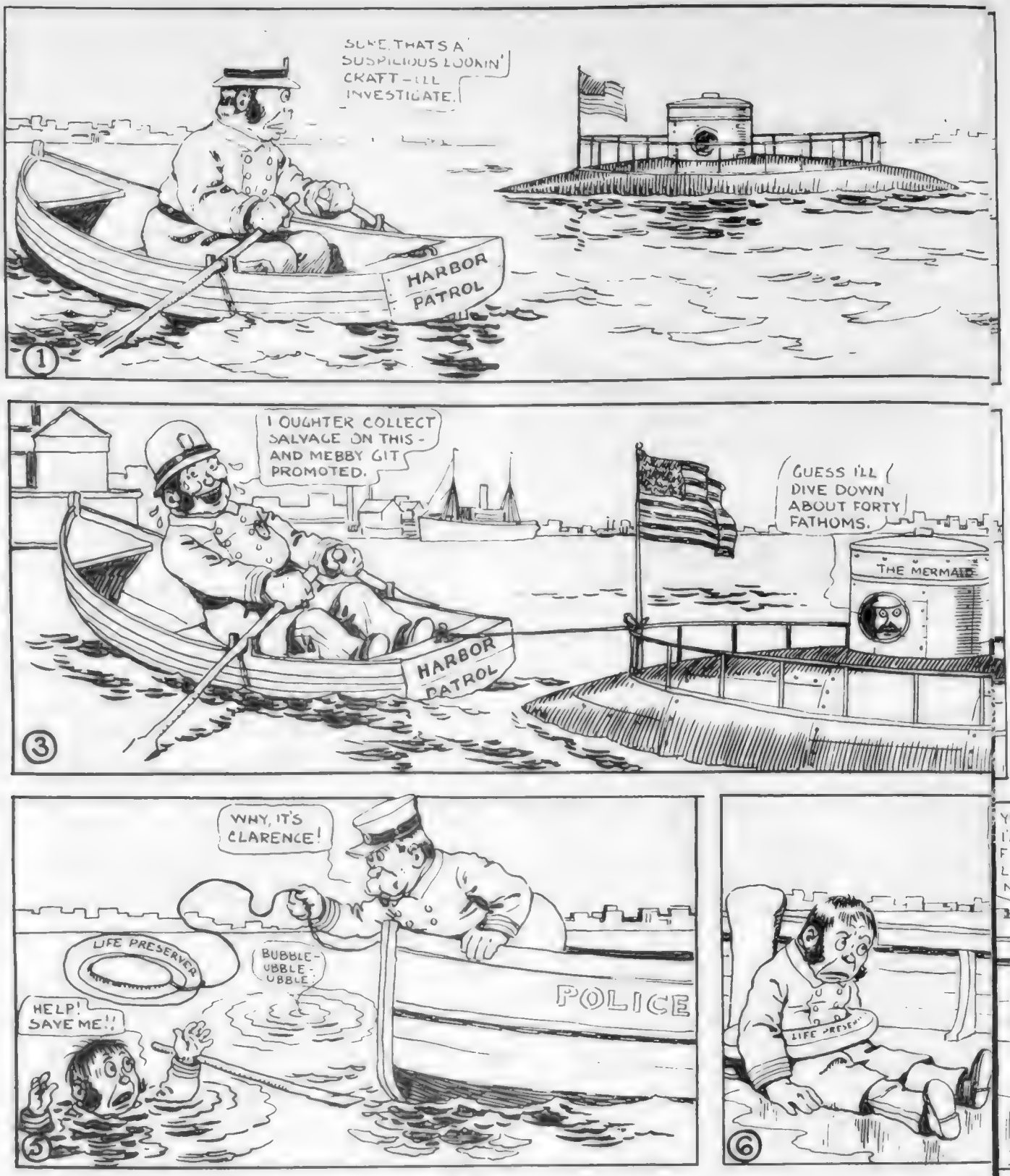
"This is one of the beauties of an airship—" "You just select a safe distance above the tumultuous—"

*Also known as "Sandy Highflier", this strip, started in 1902, was the first comic strip about flying in a machine. (As "Billy Bounce" was the first about flying* without *a machine.)*

# ...ors Without The Giraffe

MY! WHAT A CROWD I'M COLLECTING! I'LL JUST HEAVE A FEW ROCKS AT 'EM TO TANTALIZE 'EM REALLY, IT'S A SHAME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE POOR BEASTS!
SKYROCKET
THERE'LL BE SOMETHING DOING IN A MINUTE.
WHAT A SHAME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE POOR LITTLE CHAP.
GOOD BOY, RUBBER NECK!
HAND HIM DOWN!

...ous— "Turbulent earth, and then do as you please!" ANIMALS—"Your calculations were about three feet in error!"




*'Clarence the Cop' by C.W. Kahles for The World, N.Y. Clarence was syndicated.*

THAT MUST BE the explanation, too, for what happened to the creators of *Superman*, writer Jerry Siegel and cartoonist Joe Shuster.

Jerry and Joe created the comic while still in high school in Cleveland. In 1938 they took their idea to New York and, for $130, signed their rights over to a comic book publisher who convinced them he would do right by them. In the years since, *Superman* has earned billions of dollars, but the most Jerry and Joe ever got out of their creation was $15 a week each.

Eventually, Jerry and Joe went to court—and lost repeatedly. They had, after all, signed that paper.

Both men were 61 and bad off financially when their plight came to public attention. Jerry was a $7,000-a-year postal clerk with a wife and daughter to support; Joe, a bachelor, was blind and dependent on his younger brother. One of the first persons to try to help them was Jerry Robinson (*still life, Flubs & Fluffs*).

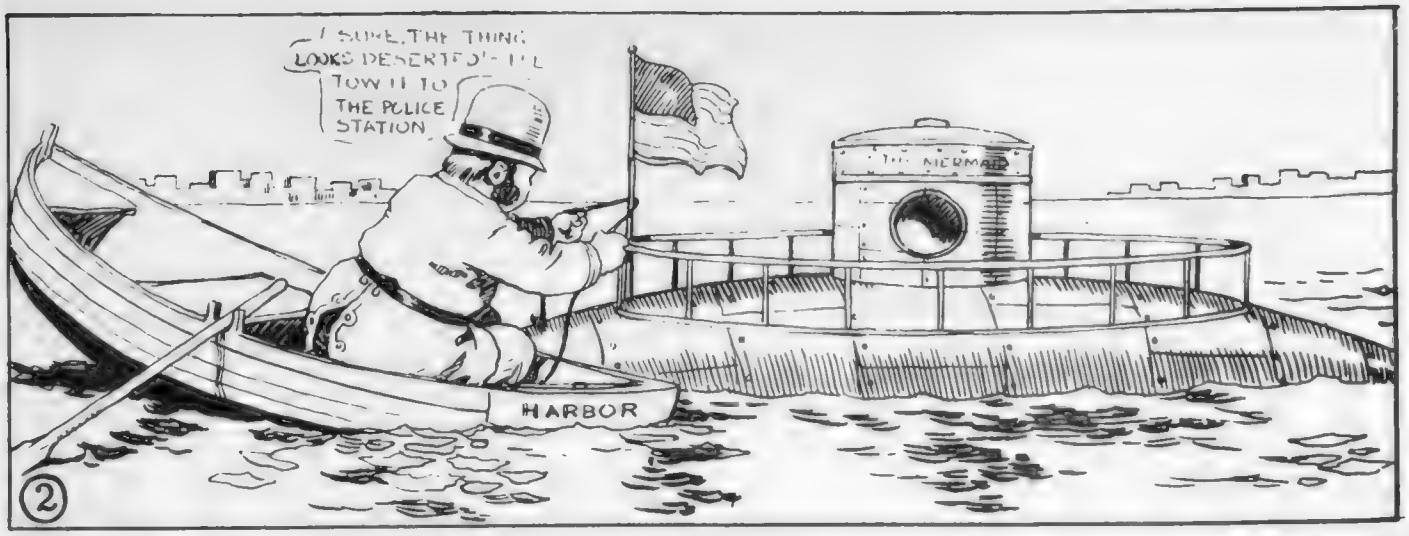
"Aside from professional reasons and morals and ethics," Robinson told me, "I had a personal reason. I knew Jerry and Joe during the early 1940s when they were still associated with *Superman*. I was 17 and had come to New York to study journalism at Columbia. My first cartoon job was as an assistant on *Batman*, which I later ghosted. It was then I first met Jerry and Joe. We worked, in fact, at adjoining drawing boards at our mutual publishers, Detective Comics-National Periodicals. We became friends. I knew them to be unassuming, kind, creative."

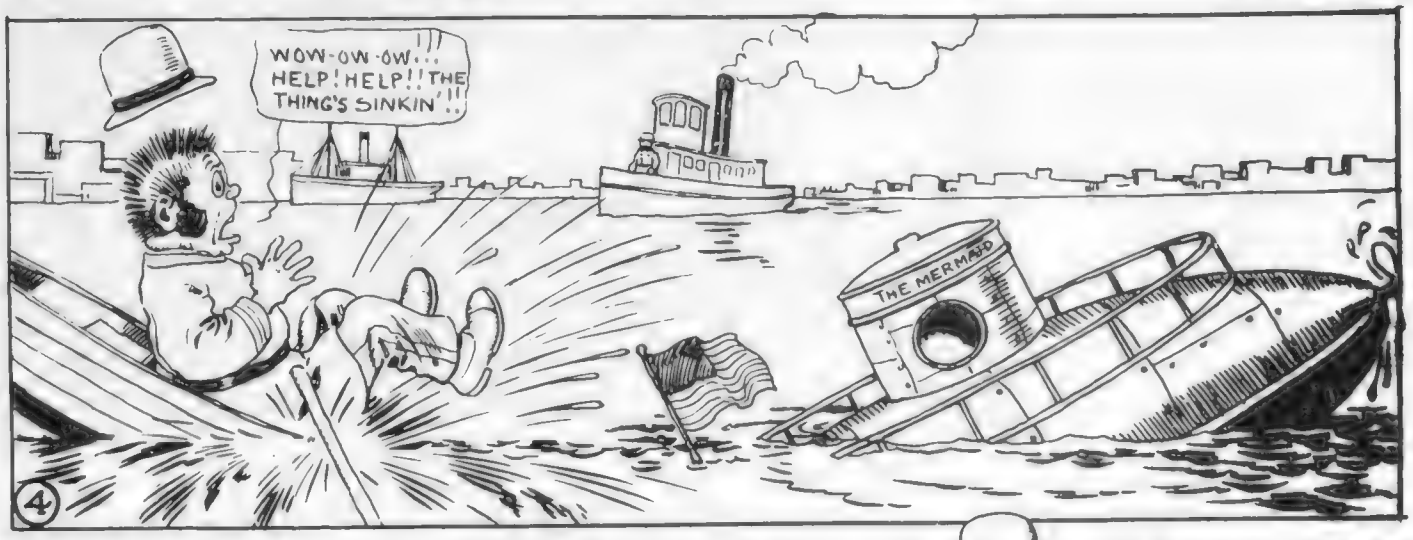
Neal Adams, the eminent comic book artist, also was trying to help Siegel and Shuster. He and Robinson quickly joined forces.

"Without any legal recourse," Robinson said, "our general strategy was to bring public pressure to bear on Warner Communications new owners of *Superman* to make an equitable and humane settlement. To that end, we worked feverishly to place Jerry and Joe on as many radio and TV shows as possible, newspaper and magazine interviews, etc."

Adams's lawyer, Edmund Preiss, joined the fray, and so did the National Cartoonists Society, the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, the Academy of Comic Book Artists, the Cartoonists Guild, the New York Press club, and individuals far too numerous to list here.

At a televised press conference, a backdrop drawn by Adams showed a huge Superman carrying Siegel and Shuster, and Jules Feiffer










*The original of this strip is now in the Gordon Campbell collection. Probably done between 1905 and 1907.*

and Irwin Hazen (*Dondi*) drew their protests live. Irwin's showed a tearful Dondi saying: "Is it a plane? Is it a bird? No, it's a pity."

Negotiations between Robinson, Adams, Preiss, and Shuster on the one hand and Jay Emmet, executive vice president of Warner, and the firm's lawyers on the other were "long, arduous, and technical." In the end, Warner agreed to pay Siegel and Shuster $20,000 a year each for the rest of their lives, and to restore their by-line to Superman in all his manifestations. In the event of Jerry's death within ten years, the $20,000 would go to his widow or daughter (age 24) and after ten years the widow would receive $10,000 for her lifetime. In the event of Shuster's death in ten years, his brother would receive $10,000 for ten years and $5,000 thereafter for his lifetime. Siegel and Shuster also were to receive Warner medical contracts to cover them and their families for their lifetimes. Both received $5,000 "as good will" on signing the agreement.

The Siegel-Shuster jinx was worse by far then the one that made life miserable for George, the one that put the whammy on Harry Schwalb's efforts to become a famous comic artist, or the one that has denied Charles Kahles the recognition that is his due. It persisted for 38 years—what could have been the best years of Siegel's and Shuster's lives—and subjected them to unimaginable humiliation and misery.

Before Shuster became completely blind, Robinson told me, he worked as a messenger. One day he had to deliver something to the building in which he used to draw *Superman*.

"In the lobby," Jerry said, "Joe encountered an executive of the company then in control of *Superman*. Instead of feeling sorry for the poor devil, or ashamed of what his firm had done to him, the executive proffered him a dollar and said:

"Don't let me see you in this building again. It's embarrassing to our company."

If there were any such thing as justice in this world, the jinx that plagued Siegel and Shuster all those years, and George's, Schwalb's, and Kahles's jinxes too, would all transfer their attention to him. ●

# VIP

*We know our readers will enjoy this story about famed cartoonist, Virgil Partch, whose magazine cartoons and daily and Sunday 'BIG GEORGE' feature for the Field Newspaper Syndicate, are favorites with readers everywhere.*

*The well-known newspaperman, Phil Porter, recalls many interesting things about Virgil and his work, based on his long friendship with the cartoonist.*

*Photo by Peter M. Partch*

*Virgil Partch*

## by Philip W. Porter

Comic strip artists and cartoonists, as a class, are my favorite people. During my years as Sunday and Feature Editor, they brightened my life continually. I got well acquainted, personally friendly, with a dozen of them, had them to my house as guests, where we sat around with a glass in hand and our shoes off and swapped lies. Every moment of such visits was fun. There is no sense comparing one artist with another, because they are all different, each with a special personality.

The most delightfully zany of them all, however, is Virgil Partch (VIP).

I never get tired of Virgil's art or his company, and I wish we lived nearer each other. Seeing his art is easy, because I have samples of it all over my house, in the living room, on the stair walls, even in the john. But enjoying his company has to wait until I make an occasional visit to California, where he and his wife, Helen, live in a delightful villa on stilts, right on the beach. It's a place you never forget, the house that VIP built, facing the Pacific Ocean, at Corona Del Mar.

About five or six years ago, my wife and I were in La Jolla briefly, visiting some former neighbors who had retired to that elegant community. Suddenly it occurred to me that we were not very far from Virgil, and we ought to drive up to see him and his new house, which he had built since I retired. Our host thought it would be fun to meet this unusual guy whose drawings he had often seen at our house. So he drove us

BIG GEORGE! Virgil Partch

"No, I'm not interested in seeing your wine list."

# BIG GEORGE! Virgil Partch

"I'm out of cones."

*Phil Porter retired as executive editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1966. He was Sunday and Feature Editor for 10 years, prior to moving into the front office, and as such, became a close friend of many comic artists and syndicate managers and ultimately became Chairman of the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc. (1962-64).*

"George, why don't we let them hit on, at least?"

up the coast for an hour, and we tracked down the street address, 3301 Margherita. It seemed to be the only house on the street, and it seemed appropriate that the avenue was named after a famous cocktail. But we were not quite prepared for what happened when we pushed the front door bell, next to a fancy, specially carved, wooden door.

Nothing happened, at first. No one answered. We pushed again; still no one came to the door. I was sure Virgil was there, because he had told me when I phoned the previous night that he'd be there all morning. So we pushed again, while admiring the carving and coloring on the front door. Suddenly Virgil was standing beside us. He had come out of the wall. It had a special panel, invisible from the outside, which enabled him to come and go in and out of the house, without using the front door.

This entrance through the wall led into Virgil's private retreat and work room. There he had set up his drawing board, some books and art supplies. He also had a private bath room and mini-kitchen, complete with refrigerator, which was supplied with beer and tonic water, in case he should feel faint (vodka was nearby). Also a couch, on which he could nap, if he should choose to. This completely private retreat enabled Virgil to escape from the rest of the house, and the world, and live in his own special world, which is very special indeed, when you consider the kind of people that inhabit it. People

My operation is almost a solo undertaking

Helen, my wife, is my most severe critic

like Big George, whom he draws pictures of. Bartenders. Midgets. Women with three breasts. Horses with a head in front and a head in back. Horses with two rumps, one on each end. Cats walking on stilts.

Virgil quickly decided that day it was time to quit work, since it was already noon, fixed us up with a vodka-tonic, and gave us a personally conducted tour of the unusual house, which is four stories high. You enter it on the top floor, like many California houses built on hillsides, and find yourself in a huge living room with a fire place, burning real logs. The living room leads onto a sun deck, and when you go out on the deck, it's almost like being on shipboard. The ocean is directly beneath.

Down one flight of stairs is the master bedroom. Down another flight are guest bedrooms. Down another flight are storage rooms, and an entrance on the beach. Each of the top three stories has a sun deck. The whole structure is built of California redwood.

Virgil and Helen, are not the only inhabitants of the unusual house. There are cats all over the place. Siamese cats. He didn't know exactly how many, but it didnt seem to bother him. I counted four; there may have been more.

Despite the fact that his off-beat cartoons have been appearing regularly in national magazines for the last 30 years, and he is recognized as the king of the single-panel one-liner by his peers, the other artists who live near him on the California coast, Partch feels a continual haunting sense of personal insecurity. He has a built-in worry-wart quality that began when he was a kid, and is still with him, though he makes an ample income and enjoys the odd life-style that suits him. He worries about almost everything, the fact that he is a free lancer without a regular job, that the U. S. postal service will fail at a critical moment, that his health will collapse, etc. etc.

But he came up with something to really worry about back in 1971. He contracted TB, and had to stay in a hospital for a while. And while there he found out that his eyesight was going bad. I hadn't heard about it, until I got a brief note (on the back of a cartoon, naturally) saying "my eyes are shot." I asked for details, and received this reply in large capital letters:

"Phil, on the eye problem: The eye thing started rather early in life. I was born cross-eyed. After the bout with TB (picked up in Puerto Vallarta, 1971), my eyes, liver, etc. all seized up. Once I was in the TB ward, I set up a little drawing board and tried to catch up on my deadlines. A couple of papers ditched me because I was a hair late — that's why I'm now two years ahead, and plan to keep it that way! My secret: I do a daily every day, seven days a week, and a Sunday every sixth day. It puts me about two months ahead each year.

"While in the TB hospital, I discovered one morning that I couldn't see to draw. — couldn't even draw a margin. It spooked me, needless to say, and I rushed to the eye dept., where it was found that I had cataracts. The news came at a most inopportune time, since I was behind on my work schedule. The eye freaks gave me drops which dilated the pupil, thus allowing me to see around the faulty spot in my lens. So, with that stroke of luck, I immediately set up a work schedule to get six weeks ahead of my deadlines, in order to have the eye operation. It was so easy to do two days work every day, since in the hospital I couldn't spend long lunches in bars, that I've been at it ever since — getting ahead, that is.

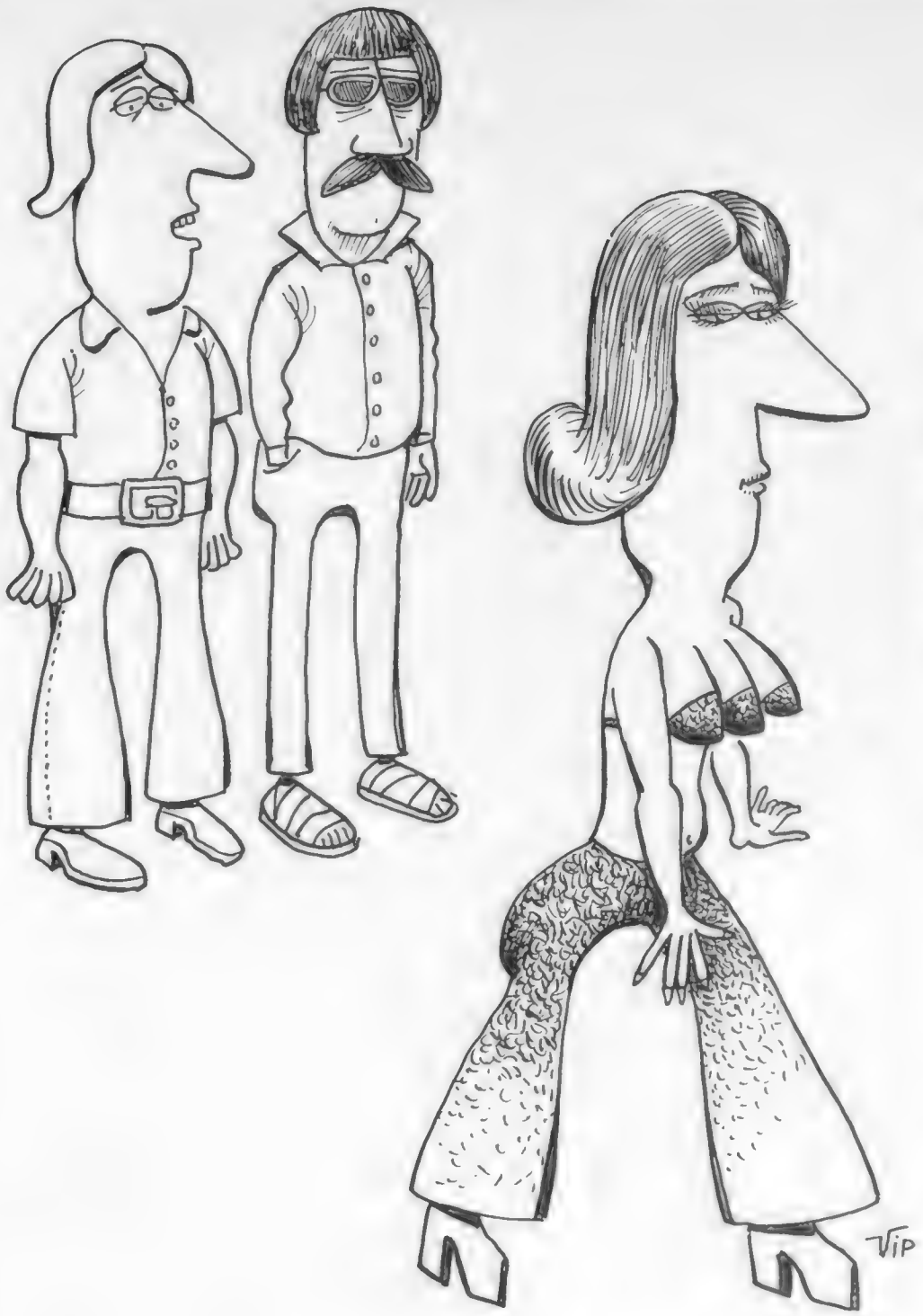
"You'll notice that I wear the headband with the type of magnifying snapdowns that engravers and counterfeiters use. Thurber also had to use the same type crutch — but I could draw better than Thurber, although I'm the only person in the world who's aware of this ability of mine. I've still got one eye to go. My surgeon says the thing isn't yet bad enough to cut and who am I to argue with him? As long as I stay off skate boards and old sidewalks, or three-legged bar stools, nothing untoward can befall me, right? Enough about my eye.

"Mrs. Ostrander, my high school art teacher, long since departed, took me on a trip to the outskirts of Tucson in 1933 to meet John T. McCutcheon, who was so goddam nice, rich and complimentary, that I took up cartooning as a career instead of managing massage parlors or acting. My hero is Johnny Hart (who never writes). I love you, Y.O.S. Virgil."

Accompanying this letter, were several of his latest cartoons, hitherto unpublished, which appear as illustrations

"That man is all thumbs!"

"Is that anyway for a groaning man to act?"




*"It's that extra little something that counts."*

for this piece. I especially like the one which shows him at his drawing board in his private studio, with a cat looking over his shoulder, and assorted notes scattered about, saying "bathe today", "answer Phil" "write mom" and "beer". This gives you an idea how he works.

To understand Virgil the man you must understand Virgil the kid. His father was a navy man, who was continually being moved about from post to post. He never lived long enough in one place to get really acquainted with the other boys in school or in the neighborhood.

"I was always the new boy who was a stranger, ripe for getting beat up," says Virgil, "I wasn't big enough to fight, so I began to tell jokes to make the other kids laugh, so they wouldn't slug me. By the time my father put in his 20 years in the navy and retired, I was the fastest kid in school with a one-liner."

Thus, dreaming up gags became a way of life with him as well as a means of defense. Now it is a way to make a living, too. He considers the gags more important than the art work, which he doesn't consider in a class with Raphael or Da Vinci. He gets letters from mothers who say their 7-year old sons can draw better than he can. He always replies, "I'm sure your 7-year old son draws better than I do."

Well, maybe so. But nobody, absolutely nobody, can turn a cliche into a comic sketch more deftly than Partch. That's why he's tops. He shows an annoyed housewife cleaning up a mess

I'VE GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR
Big GEORGE!
by Virgil Partch
YEOUCH!
HMM...
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC ?
YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE A SHOULDER SPECIALIST, GEORGE.
HERE'S HIS ADDRESS. JUST TELL HIM THAT I SENT YOU.
WELL, DOC, WHAT DO YOU THINK ?
HMM... I'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU TO A SPECIALIST.
I THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE A SHOULDER SPECIALIST.
THAT'S TRUE, BUT I HAPPEN TO SPECIALIZE IN THE LEFT SHOULDER.
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE. GET ME A NOSE SPECIALIST !

around her husband's chair in the living room, saying "that man is all thumbs"; next to it is a figure of a man who has a thumb for a head, thumbs for arms and thumbs for feet. He shows Big George playing golf, his ball lodged behind a tree, and breathing fire at the tree. His companion observes, "I've never seen a guy get so hot about being stymied." He shows Big George reading the morning paper at breakfast, with flames shooting out of his mouth and burning the paper, while his wife comments, "I take it that meat prices are going up again." He envisions a baseball game during which a pitcher in the bullpen is tied to a stake with flaming wood stacked up all around him; a sportscaster in the press box looks at this and remarks, "The Dodgers are warming up a pitcher in a hurry."

Virgil is a specialist in bar scenes. He has shown a bartender pouring whisky in a zigzag pattern into a glass, with an angry patron objecting, "I ordered straight whisky" Another cartoon shows a dozen midgets sitting on bar stools while the bartender says to a full-sized patron, "It's a small crowd for a Saturday night." He likes to go to bars, not so much for the booze as for the conversation. "You hear a lot of talk in bars," he says. "More than you'd hear in a public library. A bar is a good idea place."

Lots of Virgil's cartoons have been gathered together and reprinted in books. He has specially illustrated books too, such as the one titled "VIP tosses a party" the text of which was done by William McIntyre. I have a copy which he sent me and my wife, Dorothy, when we were married in 1960. It's hilarious, in 11 chapters, beginning with the guest list, getting it started, the handy barbershop quartet reminder, (with song titles) the handy piano-by-ear reminder (with song titles) ending the party (or what to do before the milkman comes), a list of drinks and canapes, a compendium of various types of hangover, and party citations, for the great hollow leg, the foremost authority on everything, the greatest grabber and pincher, the greatest stumbler and lurcher, and the grand master of the twisted tongue. Each example is illustrated by VIP and you can laugh yourself silly just by thumbing through it. I especially like the sketch showing a man bringing in a small bathtub and pouring a liquid from it into a glass, saying "A little something I had left over from the 20s." The types of hangover are fascinating, too, especially the "pull those goddam blinds" and the "please, no sudden noises" classifications. And the "don't you hear it, too?"

*Self-Portrait*

*"Let me know if he annoys you."*

## BIG GEORGE! Virgil Partch

"Two can play at that too, you know."

Partch has some strange work habits. He gets up at 5 a.m. and starts at once to draw on a glass board, lighted from beneath, trying to match cliches with the figures he dreams up. Once in a while, he'll giggle or even laugh outright at what he's produced.

"That's one of the advantages of working at home," says he. "You can giggle at your own work. If you were in an office and did it, your colleagues would figure you were ready for the funny farm, or the guy with a butterfly net."

This early-morning work schedule enables him to knock off at noon, which is the time when his confreres and erstwhile drinking companions, who are mostly night people, start phoning him. But it does give him a feeling of guilt at not having enough to do. He thinks he may have to dream up another feature to keep him busy the rest of the day.

Though Big George is a malevolent character, who is willing to fight the world and is constantly being frustrated, Virgil is personally exactly the opposite. He tries to avoid confrontations, and leaves quickly when fights start in bar rooms: "I'm the first to dive out of the window," he says. "It isn't cowardice; it's just that I know there's nothing I can do about it. So I get out of the way."

The sense of insecurity which has

WOW! AM I EVER LOVELY!
Big GEORGE!
by Virgil Partch
GEORGE!
YES, DEAR?
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW BATHING SUIT?
YOU CALL THAT A BATHING SUIT?
IT LOOKS MORE LIKE YOUR BIRTHDAY SUIT!
YOU REMEMBERED!!
REMEMBERED WHAT?
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY.
YOU THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN.
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW OLD YOU ARE TODAY?
FORGET THE WHOLE BIT!

plagued him from boyhood still continues. It was nourished by the fact that he got so many rejection slips when he was first starting out. He got used to rejections because there used to be so many magazines, but now that several have folded, he worries even more. He even worries that the postal employees may go on strike while he has some cartoons in the mail, supposedly en route to magazines.

"I can't stop worrying, I invent worries," says Virgil. "Even after 30 years, I feel my career is precarious. I can always find dark clouds even though the sun is shining. But I have a plan to consolidate my worries. I'm going to try to find a shrink who can talk all my worries from my head down to my arm, then to my hand, then finally down to one long finger nail. Then wham! All I have to do is clip the finger nail and all my worries will be gone."

Even though he pretends to be very casual about his art work, Virgil did study art as a young fellow. He went to University of Arizona and to Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles. And just before World War II like other young artists in the depression he got a job working for Walt Disney, animating cartoons. It paid barely enough to buy groceries, about $35 a week, so he started to send cartoons to magazines. One day to his surprise, he sold one to the New Yorker, and they paid him $50 for it. This opened up a big new wonderful world. "Imagine getting more in one day for one cartoon than I was making in a week for Disney," he said. So he went in for free lancing. But World War II interrupted and he was drafted. It was then, however, that he got a big break.

"I was in the infantry and orders had been cut to send me from Ft. Ord to somewhere in the Pacific. But a guy who saw my name on the shipping list called Mrs. Stilwell, wife of the commanding general (Gen. Joseph W., known as Vinegar Joe, who later became commander of the whole China-Burma-India shebang) and said, 'Do you think the general would be interested in a cartoonist, for the Ft. Ord Panorama?' My orders were changed and I was on the staff of Panorama, as cartoonist, business manager, circulation director and art director. It was a wonderful way to fight the war. I lived off the base and had a beautiful blonde lady chauffeur. I had to put in at least an hour a day. Never more than six hours a week."

After demobilization, he had to step up his work schedule to 10 hours a week, then 20 hours. Now he claims to work 30 hours a week, because so many magazines have folded, and he's afraid he'd be stranded if he didn't stay well ahead of his work.

Virgil draws for Playboy, among other magazines. "But mine is the only clean stuff because I can't draw nipples," he says. But he's very good at drawing cleavage. I can testify to that, for some years ago, he sent Dorothy and me a cartoon showing a woman with three breasts. The gag line says "It's that little something extra that counts."

He also sent us another Christmas present one year, showing a red-eyed Santa Claus, in full red-suit regalia, pointing a gun at his head, and saying wearily "Ho-ho-ho!" We put it up over the fireplace every year. It expresses our sentiments exactly.

One time when my daughter, Molly, was enamored of horses (but was unfortunately sick with the flu when Virgil and Helen were visiting us overnight) Virgil consoled her with a get-well present, a spur-of-the-moment cartoon showing a horse with a head in front and a head in back. Beneath it was a smaller horse, with two rumps.

Helen Partch is an artist and sculptor, and Virgil says she has all the depth and artistic vision in the famly. They have two children, Ann and Peter, both adult and living elsewhere.

A lot of his cartoonist buddies live near him — Frank and Phil Interlandi, John Dempsey, Ferd Johnson, Don Tobin and Dick Shaw. They consider him the greatest. They are right. The guy is a genius, as well as being slightly crazy. Crazy like a fox. ●

BIG GEORGE! Virgil Partch

"Bark, please."

BIG GEORGE! Virgil Partch

"You can stop spanking it, George. It's taken its first breath."

# Dame Rebecca West

*Photo by Walter Bird, Camera Press London*

*Dame Rebecca West*

*Dame Rebecca West DBE, CBE, is perhaps England's most distinguished living literary critic and political writer. She is equally venerated in the United States, where she is a Fellow of Saybrook College of Yale University, a Member of the American Academy of Arts & Sciences, Hon. D. Litt., New York University, and holder of the USA Benson Medal (RSL).*

*Her versatility is indeed impressive — her books include such novels as 'The Return of the Soldier', 'The Judge', 'Harriet Hume' and 'The Thinking Reed', books of history such as 'The Meaning of Treason', short stories such as 'The Harsh Voice', a biography of St. Augustine, as well as her critical works.*

*However, it is the fact that she knew many of the famous names in English cartooning and collaborated with David Low on two books: 'Lions & Lambs' (1928) and 'The Modern Rake's Progress' (1934), which prompted Keith Mackenzie, the Art Editor of the London Daily Mail, to talk with her about our profession.*

*So here is an exclusive interview for CARTOONIST PROfiles which Rebecca West gave Keith in her London home. She recalls some of these cartoonists in her characteristically incisive style and compares their work with that of other more recent practitioners.*

*In LIONS and LAMBS, Rebecca West wrote the very perceptive comments accompanying each of 36 David Low caricatures of prominent Britons — such as John Galsworthy, Winston Churchill, H.G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, A.A. Milne, and many others. For our readers who are especially interested in this book, it was published in New York by Harcourt, Brace & Co. You may be able to find it in your local library.*

## Interview by Keith Mackenzie

West: The first thing about a cartoonist is to desire an ideal world and attack only those who seem to be impeding the realization of his ambition. (Max Beerbohm's longing for simplicity and hatred of pomp and ceremony and egotism is an example). It's comparable to the problem of the satirist in literature. Sartre wanted humanity to be better. One got no such sense from Low's work after a few years.

*MacKenzie: You mentioned "Cartooning — isn't it an inglorious art?" Could you enlarge on this — it's a fascinating title. Admitting that a lot of it, like journalism, is transitory, surely Dyson, Low and Vicky at their best will be remembered for certain of their greatest cartoons: — Dyson's "Child Crying at the Peace Conference", Low's Hitler and Stalin "Rendezvous", Vicky's 'Supermac'?*

R.W.: Will Dyson was the exception — he had a noble brain behind a noble hand that drew a noble line. Low was intellectually sharp. His Hitler and Stalin were good (though I think his Musso was better). Vicky's 'Supermac' showed he knew nothing about MacMillan or England. I am rather puzzled to find you rate him so high. They grew them by the dozen in Central Europe, which was full of Vickys.

*K.M.: So you think cartoons get the message over more powerfully than columns of print?*

R.W.: Well, no. The details of the argument must be missing in any drawing. Daumier excited the fundamental emotions of mercy and revolt against insensitivity — but he didn't say a lot of things Fourier and Prudhomme said. They were the writers who could give the details.

*K.M.: Don't you think it possible that cartoons and posters, albeit communication, may be considered the art of this century rather than painting which is now esoteric?*

R.W.: I don't think painting is now esoteric. It was, but that was anyway just a backlash — and it seems to me that this is like saying a cocoa-tin is as valuable as a Hanyati vase.

*K.M.: Why is it that most of the best cartoonists are left-wing? Is it true that, as Giles said to me, you* can't *have a good right wing cartoonist?*

R.W.: Because they were encouraged from youth to be left-wing. Most Fleet Street men are left-wing — it was fashionable. This is why I don't rate cartoons as an art form of any importance. A man should have no politics when he has a pen in his hand.

*K.M.: Do you think that when distortion becomes too great as in Scarfe, that satire becomes meaningless?*

R.W.: I'm all for distortion if there's complete control over the pencil or the stub of charcoal. I suspect Scarfe is not anything like a first-class or even second-class draughtsman. His drawing seems to me to be very careful, but it's very like 'school' drawing isn't it? You can't see where his holes go — how deep into the paper. His line has no existence, it's an arbitrary curve.

*THE TIGER: "Curious! I seem to hear a child weeping!"*

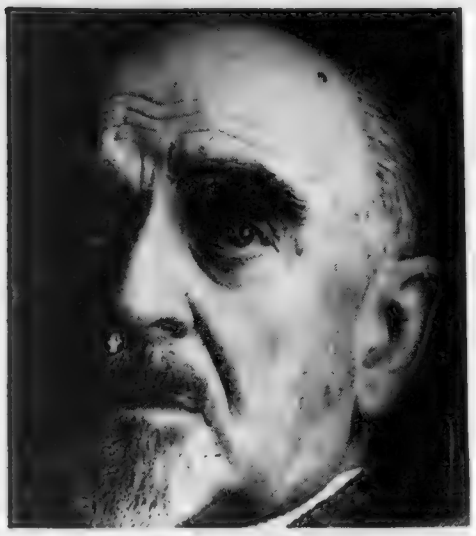
*This 1919 Will Dyson cartoon titled 'Peace and Future Cannon Fodder' (Daily Herald) was one of the most prophetic cartoons of all time. Woodrow Wilson, Orlando and Lloyd George walk behind Clemenceau (The Tiger). Dyson pointed up the inadequacies of the Versailles Treaty and predicted the breakdown of its peace in 1940.*

*Will Dyson*

*Photo by Kaye Webb*

*Max Beerbohm*

*Photo Camera Press London*



*David Low*

WILL DYSON (1880-1938) AUSTRALIAN CARTOONIST OF THE DAILY HERALD

R.W.: Will Dyson and his wife had beautiful manners and they were so civilized. He was a very modest man. He had a great admiration for the drawings of Ingres, which I think he'd come to rather late. He was an artist — he wasn't an 'ad hoc' practitioner and he wasn't a scribbler. He was of course shattered by the premature death from 'flu' of his wife who was also a talented artist. She was so young and healthy looking — I remember particularly she had such beautiful child-like starry eyes.

*K.M: He went to America and did those satirical etchings of New York and the follies of the Hollywood intelligentsia.*

R.W: On the whole, I didn't think they were terribly good. I wonder what on earth he would have thought now? I should never believe anything ill of them, they were *good* people. This is of course not of *direct* relevance. But I do think that a really beautiful command of line comes from a hand of skill linked to a brain that's on the side of the angels.

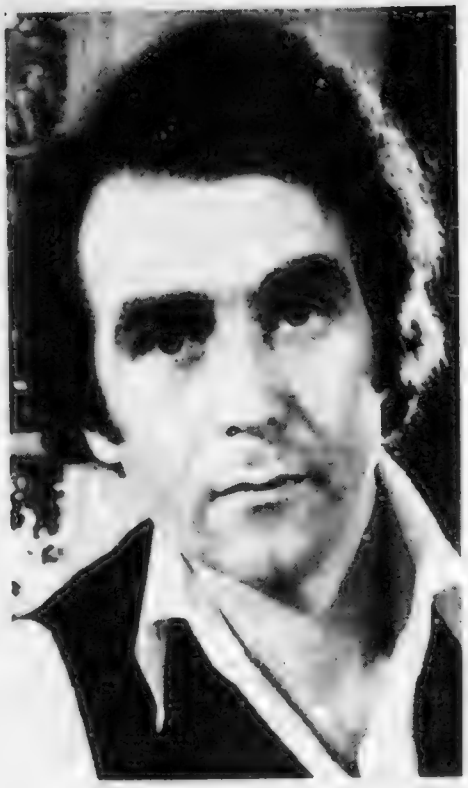
*K.M: Could you give any impression of the impact of Dyson's work for the Herald? Were*

*GRANDMA by Giles*

*This LOW cartoon appeared on September 20, 1939 in the London Evening Standard.*

*Carl Giles*

*Vicky (Victor Weisz)*



*Gerald Scarfe*

*This Gerald Scarfe cartoon of President Johnson appeared in the London Daily Mail in 1966. It's interesting to compare this with Giles' Britannia.*

*those great front page drawings really appreciated? Was Dyson a very dedicated socialist? Could one compare the socialism of Dyson, Low and Vicky?*

R.W: The front page drawings were greatly appreciated. Yes, Dyson was a sincere Socialist, of the Australian school (wide-eyed idealist). Vicky was just run-of-the-mill Continental grousing and Low was much superior to him but declined into the stereotyped New Statesman image.

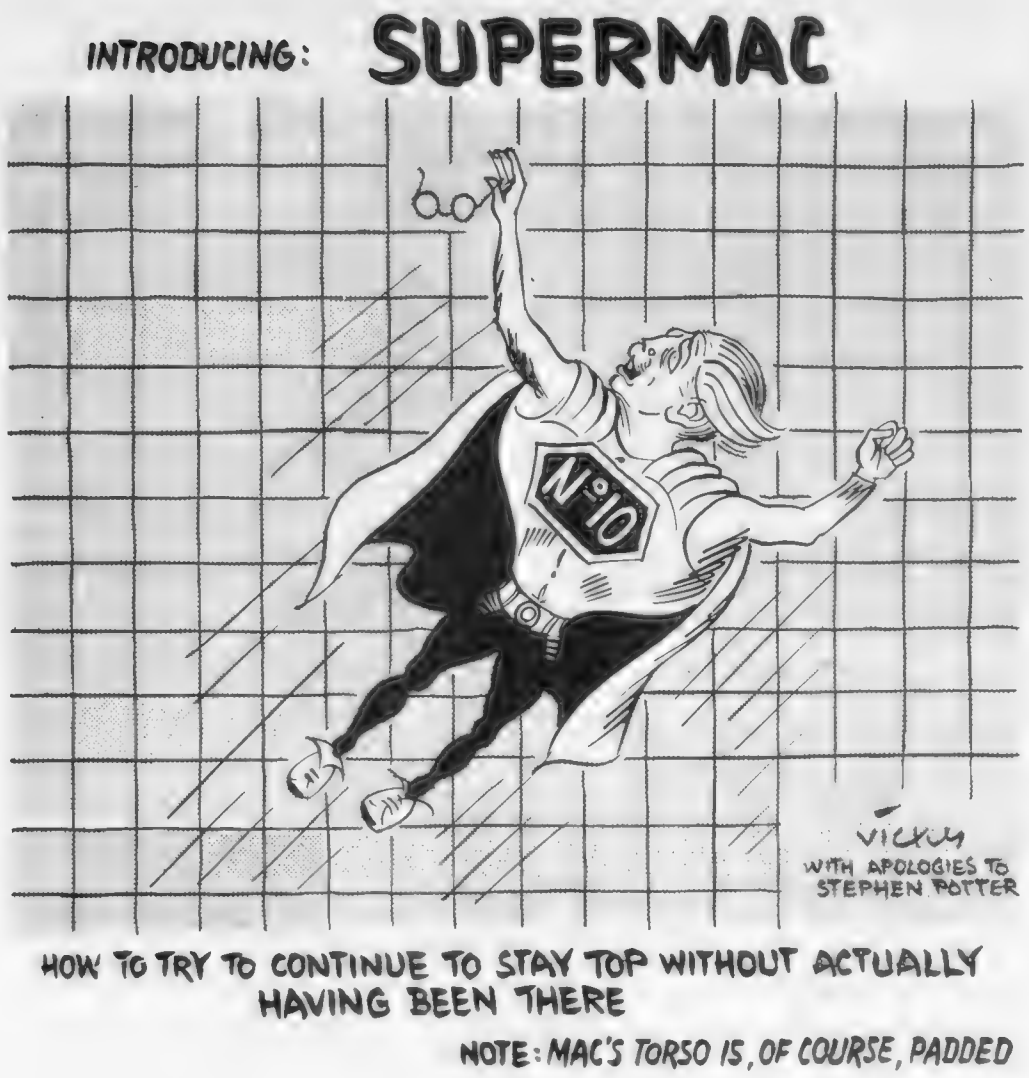
MAX BEERBOHM (1872-1956) ENGLISH CARICATURIST, WIT AND WRITER

R.W: I knew him, we used to meet and I went to see him in Italy. He was sweet and amusing but rather a cold little fish. I've just given away a drawing he did of me represented as Shaw in female clothes — what he thought I looked like before he met me. Max was a great artist, a great craftsman, but a very indolent man. His cartoons now seem to me curiously monotonous. If you draw well, there's variety in it — his drawing was terribly much the same. What I thought he was greatest at was radio. I thought he was the finest broadcaster I'd ever heard in my life — absolutely exquisite. He was small and neat and had doll-like eyes in a smooth face (something like Osbert Lancaster). A very good friend, particularly to unfortunate people, and I think this trait is to be seen in the mildness of his satire — it's intellectually impressive, not brutal.

DAVID LOW (1891-1963) NEW ZEALAND BORN CARTOONIST OF LONDON EVENING STANDARD

R.W.: David Low and I were never on the same wavelength. I wrote the text for two books illustrated by him *'Lions & Lambs'* (1928) and *'The Modern Rake's Progress!* I wrote the former under the pseudonym of

*SUPERMAC was created by Vicky in 1958.*


INTRODUCING: SUPERMAC
Nº10
VICKY
WITH APOLOGIES TO STEPHEN POTTER
HOW TO TRY TO CONTINUE TO STAY TOP WITHOUT ACTUALLY HAVING BEEN THERE
NOTE: MAC'S TORSO IS, OF COURSE, PADDED

Lynx and the caricatures were reproduced from 'New Statesman' lithographs. I knew nearly all of the subjects except Marconi, whom I hadn't met socially. The 'New Statesman' hated the book and gave it a terribly bad review, which made it sell a lot of copies. For 'The Modern Rake's Progress', we were commissioned by George Doran of Cosmopolitan, who was a very famous publisher, later taken over by the firm of Doubleday. The tiresome thing is that I don't think Low really knew many of these people. I have never known a cartoonist who went out into society much. The only house I've ever seen him in was Beaverbrook's. The book was not terribly well received but people seem to like it and wonder why it isn't better known. The Manchester Guardian said it was "unduly interested in frivolity", which seemed to me the silliest thing I'd ever heard.

VICKY, VICTOR WEISZ (1913-1966) HUNGARIAN BORN CARTOONIST OF NEWS CHRONICLE, DAILY MIRROR AND EVENING STANDARD

R.W.: Vicky tended to bite the hands that fed him. We employed him on the weekly TIME & TIDE in Lady Rhondda's time and he left us saying he could not bear our Fascist standpoint which was rather hard because we'd been very anti-Chamberlain and anti-Hitler. He left us for the Standard where the pay was higher, which made us laugh cynically.

*K.M.: Can you say anything about his work either in TIME & TIDE days or later in the Standard? How do you rate his drawing compared to Dyson and Low?*

R.W.: He wasn't a draughtsman in the same sense as Max Beerbohm and Dyson and Low. He had a vigorous line but it was an ugly uncontrolled line. And the ideas behind his cartoons were always commonplace.

*DERSO:*

R.W.: There was a lovely cartoonist in America called Derso, a Hungarian, he was one of the world's great charmers.

*K.M.: Alois Derso was born in Hungary in 1888 and studied in Paris. For ten years collaborated with Emeric Kelen, particularly in drawing caricatures of the League of Nations delegates at Geneva and Lausanne. They both worked on the same drawings. Do you remember anything further about him or his work? Did you meet his partner Kelen?*

R.W.: I don't remember Kelen. Derso had a genuine sense of fun and both humour and wit in his best drawings. I only remember two portfolios I looked through which I do not think were done for the Press. I don't know but I think that if you look into it you may find that his work suffered from a lack of continuous vigour. I may be wrong but I think he was one of those artists who hadn't quite enough physical vigour and can't get on with it as they would have if they had a better physical equipment.

*CARL GILES: CARTOONIST OF DAILY EXPRESS SINCE 1943*

R.W.: He's a very detached person isn't he? Just gets on with his work. I met him and his wife on an Atlantic liner going to New York. His 'Grandma' is so like Lord Beaverbrook — I always think he must have meant it to be him. Now he *can* draw. The backgrounds of his cartoons are peculiarly pleasing in an unobtrusive way. It has been suggested that he must have done architectural drawings in his youth. Very sound stuff. The artistry of his figures is sometimes wonderful. There's space all round them. ●

# Dave Graue: Master of Oop art

**ALLEY OOP** **by Dave Graue**

**By R. Terrance Roskin**

Dave Graue thinks he's Alley Oop. Other times Dave Graue sees himself and Oop as distinctly different personalities. It should be noted at the outset that Dave Graue has a keel as even as anyone's if not a little evener.

Graue is the artist behind the original comic caveman, Alley Oop, citizen of the Land of Moo and veteran time traveler. Dave assisted Alley Oop creator V. T. Hamlin for more than 20 years before taking over the strip when Hamlin retired in 1973.

Graue presides over the daily and Sunday adventures of Oop, Ooola, King Guz, Queen Umpa, Doc Wonmug and the other contemporary prehistoric cartoon characters from his home and studio on Siesta Key, near Sarasota, Fla. The huge old beachside house overlooking the Gulf of Mexico has been home for the Graues (wife Eliza, sons Jeff and Danny and daughter Karen) since the early 1960s.

**Q: How is it that you are Alley Oop, and vice versa?**

**A:** If you're the type of comic artist who both creates the copy and does the art, which I am, you have to relate closely to your characters. If you want to be able to put them across to your readers, they have to be a part of you. That's especially true of Oop — he's very close to me. Sometimes Oop is me; other times he might be the kind of guy I'd like to be. I might have Oop say or do something just as I would do it. It's important to get some specific image in mind or some stereotype or personality to 'tie up' the characters. For example, when I'm working on King Guz, I'm reminded of two old-time movie actors, Wallace Beery and Victor McLaglen. I can immediately get the King's character in mind by thinking of those two. So, he's a big, rough, tough character who's a little bit soft when you get under his veneer.

**Q: Do you project friends or family other than yourself into the strip?**

**A:** I've never put my wife or kids into the strip, but I have drawn friends of mine into Alley Oop. I put one friend in because his caricature was very easy for me to draw. I thought he'd probably get a kick out of it and I figured he was just as good as a made-up character.

**Q: When did you get interested in cartooning?**

**A:** My interest in cartooning, or at least in art, began as far back as I can remember. I recall copying cartoons out of the Chicago Tribune as a small boy. The interest never has waned, except for a stage in high school when I was considering being a pilot. After high school, though, I had no desire to get into fine art. I much preferred commercial art. I wasn't even thinking about cartooning until after I met V. T. Hamlin.

V. T. Hamlin, creator of the Land of Moo, was introduced to Graue by Hamlin's daughter, a high school classmate of Graue's. As was Hamlin's habit, he sent Graue off to his Air Force duty in WWII with a wallet card sketch of Alley Oop sitting in an airplane. Graue returned the favor with his own sketch. "I guess it must have impressed him," reflected Graue. "He got in touch with me after the war and asked me if I'd like to give up my job as a soda jerk to do some color charts and some lettering for him. I jumped at the chance and went to work on a limited basis as his assistant. There was a lot of work to do and it provided tremendous practice as far as learning how to draw Oop and the other characters in the strip."

**Q: Would you describe your daily routine?**

**A:** I generally get started in the morning after breakfast. I like to write in the mornings, especially when the kids are in school. I need the quiet to concentrate. I've found that I can do the drawing anytime. I write from about 9 until 11:30 or so, then I get out of the house for a while and jog a couple of miles. I have lunch, take a short nap and try to get back to work around 1:30 or 2 o'clock and continue until dinnertime. Most of the time I have to work a little in the evenings after dinner. It's not too glamorous but it gets the job done.

**Q: What's more important to Alley Oop, the art or the copy?**

**A:** I think the copy may be the most important part of a continuity strip, but I try to strike a balance. I try to come up with a good story but I also like it to be a visual story. Copy accented by the visual actually is the ideal comic form. The more visual action and eye appeal you can get into a strip, the better it is. There are an awful lot of cartoonists today who don't take full advantage of this medium. It's perfectly suited for comedy.

**Q: Do contemporary issues influence your story lines?**

**A:** I try not to let current events affect my work. I think that Alley Oop is escape literature. If I can adapt some trend or fad and use it in the trip in an inoffensive way — and in a comical way — I'll use something. There are many things that have no place in a comic strip.

Dave Graue

**Q: What are your feelings about being a comic artist?**

**A:** I feel pretty good about being a comic artist. It's a very fine profession and I'm quite proud to be one, especially considering the stuff that's being generated in other creative areas. I would be ashamed to sign my name to some of the books I've tried to read lately. The same goes for many things coming out in the movies and on television. It may be old-fashioned to say so, but I'm rather shocked by the things I see in print today and on the screen. It makes me very thankful I'm a cartoonist.

Straight-shootin' Alley Oop couldn't have said it any better.

**THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS**

(NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSN.)

**WE CARE . . .** because each of us is the store to those who come in. So we smile a friendly "Hello" to everyone who walks by us. Courtesy is contagious - people like a store that's warm, friendly - it makes our job more pleasant. Try to remember names of regular customers wherever possible.

**WE HELP. .** because even though our stores are "self-service", we know that most customers want help. You can locate merchandise, suggest colors, suggest better quality, suggest an additional item or an alternative for a job. And on a "big ticket" item that is out of stock, you can offer to call a customer when it comes in. We never argue with a customer.

**HONESTY IS OUR POLICY. . .** about the merchandise we sell, and particularly about the availability of special orders.

**WE HOUSEKEEP. . .** because customers like stores that are neat, where merchandise is easy to find. All of us should learn to straighten merchandise, pick up papers on the floor, etc. as we walk about.

**EDUCATIONAL REFUND PROGRAM.** Your company believes in self-improvement, encouraging employees to develop special skills and knowledge. With the prior approval of your Store Manager, you may have company assistance in paying the tuition or fee for special training or education. Such courses must, of course, relate directly to your job.

# The Cartoon I

*CLAY HERRICK*

*Clay Herrick is the just-retired president of Carpenter, Lamb & Herrick, Inc., advertising agency in Cleveland, Ohio. In 40 years he has used many cartoons in ads for clients — particularly in collateral pieces: instruction manuals, house magazines and direct-mail pieces. He used a variety of cartoonists for their particular style in achieving the effects he sought. In every case, he "worked with" the artist so there was creativity from both parties. We should also add that he teaches Graphic Arts at Cleveland State University, with special emphasis on Journalism, house-magazine editing, and on how to purchase graphic art.*

**Like riding on a cloud!**
**PENNSYLVANIA**

# n In Advertising

**WE SAY "THANK YOU"** . . . because the customer who is in our store -- whether he or she makes a purchase now or not -- is helping pay our salary. That customer is the reason we're in business.

With the recent trend toward old-style typefaces and old-time illustrations in advertisements, the opportunities for free-lance cartoonists have been increased greatly. All it takes is a combination of imagination and nostalgia to tie right in to the popular trend. Ornate type-styles don't require much embellishment, but cartoon figures in combination with early movie photos, or turn-of-the-century scenes — are very popular now, particularly in trade journals and house magazines.

Cartoons have always filled an important role as attention-getters in advertisements. Usually they are used for emphasis or to illustrate exaggerated situations that don't "get across" in a photograph. Many times they relate familiar cartoon characters to a product, like the Peanuts strip and Millbrook Bread.

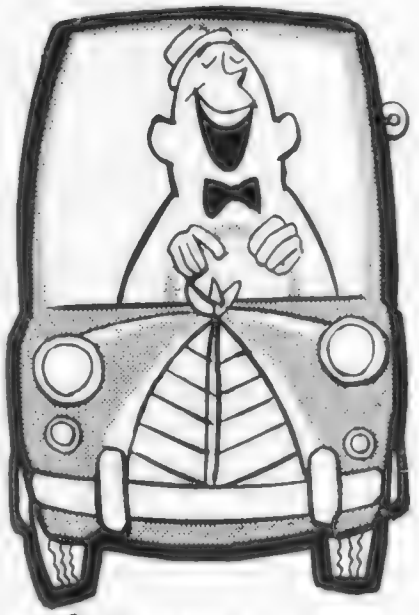
Safety posters and booklets on safe practices almost always use cartoons. That's because you can draw a picture of some knucklehead doing something stupid, and no one is offended because "the guy in the cartoon can't be me", even if the shoe fits. Showing someone being hurt from his own stupidity is a "natural" for the cartoonist — and there is always a ready market for this kind of artwork in "industrial relations". Sometimes it comes through the advertising department or the advertising agency, but many times it is bought by the personnel manager himself.

The same psychology of the safety posters applies to employee training and instruction manuals. Setting up rules of conduct and good practice is made more meaningful by using cartoons to show exactly what is meant. Getting zonked for making errors, or getting a halo for good performance is easily shown in cartoon form — and is MUCH more effective than photographs or words alone. Instruction manuals of all types are made more effective by use of cartoons. "How to do it" books are just a natural for cartoons.

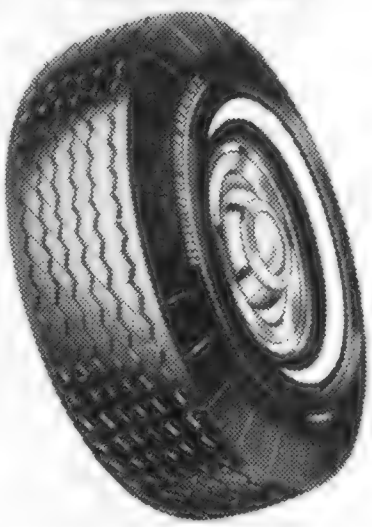
Cartoons have the capacity of being very direct. All extraneous background material is gone; there are no distractions in the picture. Shown is just what is important to get the message across and nothing else! Moreover cartoons have ACTION that can't be obtained in photographs. That's what makes them eye-appealing and effective for advertisements. Little thumbnail cartoons make type-matter sparkle; little photographs become meaningless. Some people call tiny illustrations "eye-catchers"; others called them "type warmers". And everybody calls them "great!"

Smart freelance cartoonists will leave their names and samples of their work with progressive advertising agencies (and advertising departments) in their area. The demand is not constant, but it is frequent... and the cartoonist who "works with" a writer in animating his words, will always find a ready market for his work. ●


there's a
**PENNSYLVANIA**
Super Aerolux...



**for every make and model FOREIGN CAR!**



*Route 43
Aurora, Ohio

*50¢ Savers
Club Discount

*Open May 24-
September 8

*Hours: 9 a.m.
to 10 p.m.

SEA WORLD OF OHIO—a delightful combination of aquatic animal shows, beautiful aquariums, "touch and feed" exhibit areas and many other attractions set on 80 naturally landscaped acres.

# COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE NO. 5

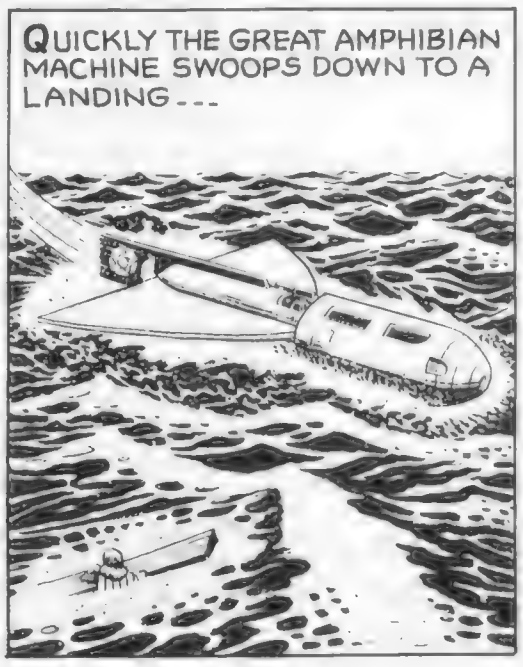
*Cover of the magazine in which the Blue Tracer story re-created in this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles first appeared.*

*FRED GUARDINEER*

*For the 5th 'Comic Command Performance' in the series which has been appearing in CARTOONIST PROfiles, we're presenting a 1975 recreation by Fred Guardineer of a BLUE TRACER story which he first did for the December 1941 issue of MILITARY COMICS.*

*As our readers know, JERRY De FUCCIO, an Associate Editor of MAD magazine, and very knowledgeable about the history of comic books, has arranged to have the cartoonists presented in this series re-do their earlier creations in their present-day manner, exclusively for CARTOONIST PROfiles. FRED GUARDINEER was one of that very well-known group who produced comic book stories for Everett M. (Busy) Arnold and his Quality Comics. The Blue Tracer was launched in the first issue of Military Comics in August of 1941, and the magazine was distinguished in that it introduced 'Blackhawk', had Will Eisner as its editor, and featured a stable of the finest creative talent in comic books.*

OFFICIALLY REPORTED AS DEAD, BILL DUNN, THE AMERICAN, AND HIS AUSTRALIAN PAL, BOOMERANG JONES, BUILT THE FORMIDABLE ***BLUE TRACER*** IN WHICH THEY INDEPENDENTLY ROAM THE WORLD FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF FREEDOM AGAINST THE WOULD-BE CONQUERING TYRANTS OF DOOM... *IN ANSWER TO AN S.O.S. THE BLUE TRACER SPEEDS TO THE AID OF A TORPEDOED BRITISH MERCHANTMAN.*



WE WERE SUNK BY A NAZI U-BOAT AND A BATTLESHIP WHICH TOOK ALL THE CREW AND PASSENGERS CAPTIVE. I HID ON BOARD, TAKING A CHANCE I'D BE RESCUED BY FRIENDS AFTER THE SHIP WENT DOWN!

SINCE THERE ARE NO PRISONERS ON THE SUB, WE'LL ATTACK IT, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SOMEHOW CAPTURE THAT BATTLE SHIP INTACT SO WE DON'T HARM THE PRISONERS

WITH BILL AT THE CONTROLS, THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS ALONG THE SURFACE AND THEN UP INTO THE SKY...

SOON A TELL-TALE PERISCOPE IS SIGHTED...

SEE IT?

BUT THE ALERT EYES OF THE AMERICAN ARE NOT FOOLED BY WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SUBMARINE!

THROUGH POWERFUL TELESCOPES THEY SEE THE CLEVER CONTRAPTION, A SUBMARINE PERISCOPE FITTED INTO A SUBMERGED BARREL!

IT'S ONLY A DECOY TO FOOL AND FRIGHTEN PASSING CONVOYS!

PASSING BEYOND THE DECOY, THE FLYING MACHINE SOARS TO A GREAT HEIGHT.

FAR BELOW, A SINISTER SHADOW TAKES SHAPE DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.

THE LENSES OF THE WATER-PIERCING TELESCOPE REVEAL SWASTIKA MARKINGS ON THE HYDROVANES!

A NAZI SUB!! LET'S GO! PREPARE TO DIVE! SEAL THE UNDERSEA HATCHES!

SEALING THE WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS, THE BLUE TRACER AIMS ITS TORPEDO-LIKE NOSE STRAIGHT AT ITS TARGET...

AND FOLDING THE TELESCOPIC WINGS IT DROPS LIKE A SCREAMING SHELL STRAIGHT DOWN!

HOLD TIGHT!

U-17

RIGHT THROUGH THE WATER THE HUGE STEEL BULLET DIVES INTO THE DOOMED SUBMARINE!

ZOWIE! A BULL'S EYE!

U-17

U-17

UNDER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT THE NAZI U-BOAT IS SPLIT APART LIKE AN EGGSHELL!

UNDAMAGED BY ITS ENCOUNTER, THE VICTORIOUS BLUE TRACER BURSTS UP THROUGH THE WAVES...

AS THE HAND OF DEATH ADDS ANOTHER SUBMARINE TO THE LONG LIST OF SUNKEN SHIPS!

ATHENIA
COURAGEOUS
HOOD
BISMARK
ZAMZAM
ROBIN MOOR
TITANIA
U-17

INSIDE THE BLUE TRACER...

THAT WAS MARVELOUS! WHAT A STORY THIS'LL MAKE!

WE HAVEN'T FINISHED YET. WE'VE GOT TO FREE THOSE PRISONERS ON THE BATTLESHIP!

3

SEVERAL MILES DISTANT, THE NAZI BATTLESHIP VON SPITTS STEAMS TOWARD ITS HOME PORT.

OUR SUBMARINE HAS NOT REPORTED ITS POSITION FOR SOME TIME. I DON'T KNOW OF ANY BRITISH PATROL FOR IT TO HIDE FROM!

LISTEN– THERE GOES THE WARNING BELL!

OUR PLANE DETECTOR HAS PICKED UP A STRANGE MOTOR HEADING OUR WAY. *LOCK THE PRISONERS BELOW DECKS!*

AND THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY THE BLUE TRACER APPEARS...

LET'EM HAVE IT!

AS THE SHIP BLASTS AWAY WITH ALL ITS GUNS...

THE BLUE TRACER VEERS AWAY AMID EXPLODING SHELLS.

WE CAN'T FIGHT BACK WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE ENGLISH PRISONERS ON BOARD, BUT I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT WORK – *HANG ON BECAUSE WE'RE GOING DOWN – WAY DOWN!*

LIFE BELTS

FALLING CRAZILY, THE BLUE TRACER IS APPARENTLY OUT OF CONTROL!

A HIT! WE'VE DOWNED THE BLUE TRACER!

FOR A SECOND TIME THE BULLET-NOSED MACHINE DIVES INTO THE SEA AS ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS ARE FOLDED!

4

CONTINUING DOWN, THE BLUE TRACER DIVES TO THE OCEAN DEPTHS...

SWITCH ON THE PRESSURE EQUALIZERS!!

AND LIKE AN UNDERWATER TANK PUSHES ALONG ON THE OCEAN FLOOR ---

THERE IT IS - JUST AS I FIGURED!

BILL STEERS HIS MACHINE AT A SUNKEN SHIP - THE ATHENIA, FIRST TORPEDO VICTIM OF THE WAR!

I'LL DO TH. JOB FROM THE REAR!

ATHENIA

DRIVING AROUND BACK, THE BLUE TRACER RAMS INTO THE STERN OF THE SHIP, IMBEDDING ITS NOSE FIRMLY INTO THE STEEL HULL!

ITS POWERFUL PROPELLOR CHURNING THE WATER, THE BLUE TRACER LIFTS THE ATHENIA OFF THE OCEAN BOTTOM---

PHOOM

AND LITERALLY CARRIES THE DEAD SHIP UP TO THE SURFACE - NEAR THE VON SPITTS!

STRAIGHT AT THE NAZI BATTLE-SHIP BILL PUSHES THE ATHENIA!

MEIN GOTT - THE ATHENIA! IT'S A GHOST SHIP!

FIRE!

ATHENIA

5

SALVO AFTER SALVO OF HEAVY SHELLS BLAST THE ATHENIA— BUT PUSHED BY THE BLUE TRACER, IT KEEPS COMING NEARER!

ATHENIA

AS IT COMES CLOSER, THE SMOKE-STACK AND BRIDGE ARE CARRIED AWAY!

ATHENIA ATHENIA

FINALLY THE BATTERED HULK HALTS ALONGSIDE THE SCARED NAZIS!

WE SURRENDER! C-CAN'T F-FIGHT A GHOST SHIP-AND OUR AMMUNITION IS USED UP!

ATHENIA

IMMEDIATELY BILL PUTS HIS ENGINES IN REVERSE AND BACKS LOOSE FROM THE ATHENIA

GET READY WITH YOUR MACHINE GUN, BOOMERANG!

THE PUNCTURED AND SMASHED SHIP PLUNGES BACK TO HER WATERY GRAVE.

LET'EM HAVE IT IF THEY RESIST!

QUICKLY THE BLUE TRACER PULLS ALONGSIDE AS BOOMERANG COVERS THE OFFICERS WITH HIS MACHINE GUN!

LET YOUR ENGLISH PRISONERS LOOSE OR I'LL TICKLE THIS TRIGGER!

JA! US DO!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE FREED ENGLISH SAILORS TAKE CHARGE OF THE BATTLESHIP VON SPITTS!

THIS IS A SWELL PRIZE TO BRING HOME!

WELL, SO LONG, LOLA. GUESS YOU'LL FINISH YOUR TRIP ON A WARSHIP!

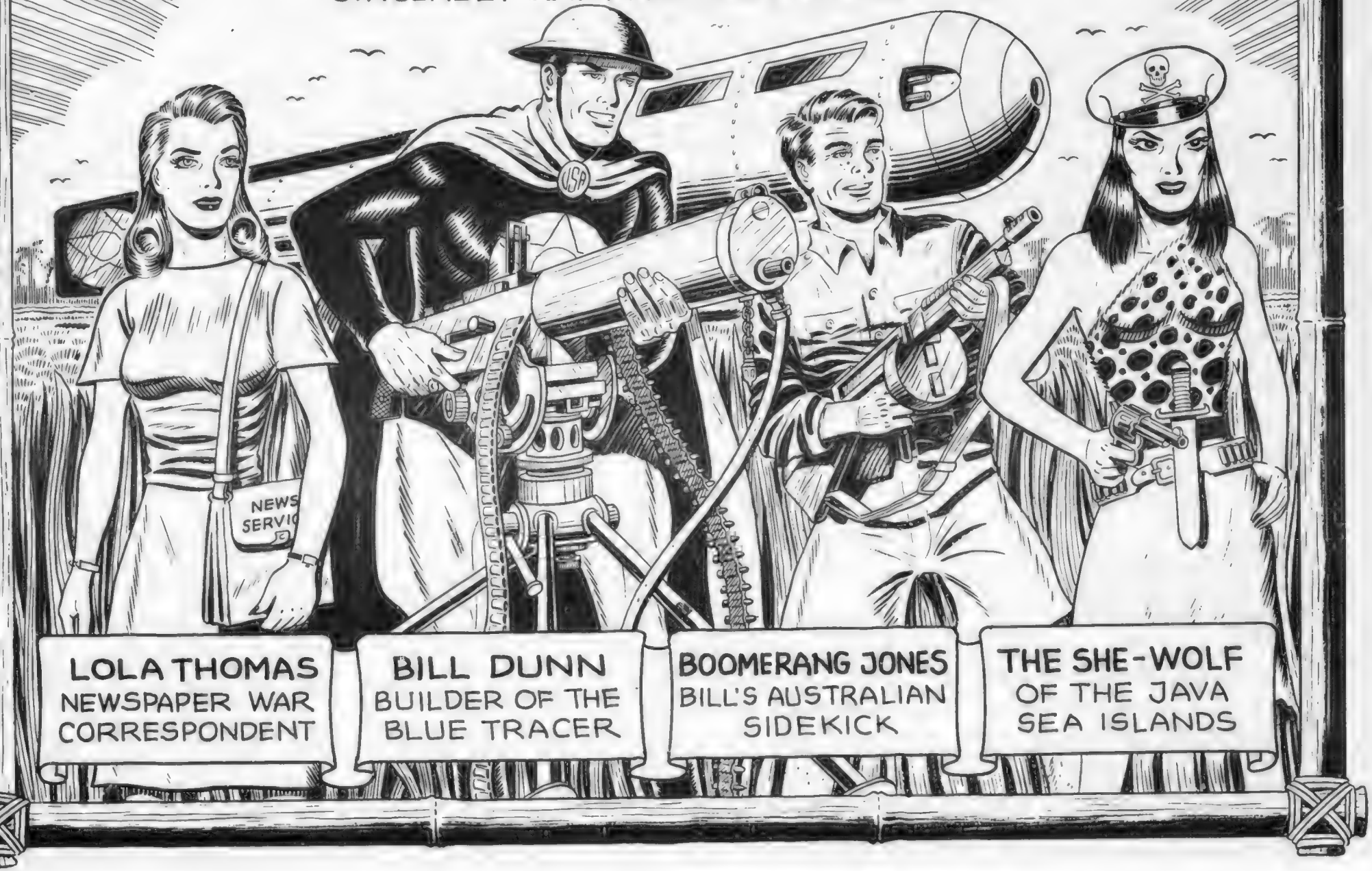
OKAY WITH ME. AND I WILL GIVE YOU BOYS A WRITE-UP! WHAT A MACHINE YOUR BLUE TRACER IS!

AND INTO THE SETTING SUN THE BLUE TRACER FLIES TO CONTINUE ITS FIGHT AGAINST THE FORCES OF TYRANNY!

6

# TO ALL BLUE TRACER FANS, YOURS IN VICTORY AND FREEDOM!

SINCERELY..... FRED GUARDINEER




**LOLA THOMAS**
NEWSPAPER WAR CORRESPONDENT

**BILL DUNN**
BUILDER OF THE BLUE TRACER

**BOOMERANG JONES**
BILL'S AUSTRALIAN SIDEKICK

**THE SHE-WOLF**
OF THE JAVA SEA ISLANDS

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

# SAID & DUNN

*Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.*

A couple of years ago when the California cartoonists were planning a party to honor Tack Knight, I was talking to Morrie Brickman, creator of "The Small Society" in New York. Morrie summed up why Tack deserved an outstanding banquet.

"Nobody loves cartoons and cartoonists as much as Tack does. *Cartooning is a religion with him.*"

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the publishing of the first edition of "Tack's Cartoon Tips." The book has sold many thousands of copies throughout the years. A special 50th edition has been put out. It still is the best "How To" book that any aspiring cartoonist could cut his teeth on.

I remember when I was hoping to become a cartooner and looking for guidance and some sign or portent to point the way. I had just discovered the wonders of the Lyric burlesque theatre in my home town of Newark, N.J. This was summertime. School had just closed and I was downtown looking for a summer job. Me and other job-hunters would go to the Newark Evening News Building (what a great paper that was) and wait for the first edition to come out at 11 A.M. so we could scan the want-ads looking for work. While waiting for the presses to roll, I took in the lobby display of the current burlesque show. The Lyric was a couple of doors down from the newspaper office. The show was "Jerri McCauley and her Whirl-of-Joy Girls," and Jerri's picture was really something. My reverie was broken by the hubbub of the papers being sold hot off the press. I paid my two cents (Yes, that's what it cost in those days), turned to the classified section and a small ad seemed to jump right out at me, "Young man for Art Dept. Whitehead and Hoag Insignia Co."

I knew where the factory was and I knew a short cut. I ran all the way along the canal bank, being pretty positive that other job seekers using the more prosaic by-ways didn't have a chance of getting there before me.

P.S. I got the job. So now I'll tell you how I'm leading up to Tack Knight.

Whitehead and Hoag made buttons, badges and souvenirs. And I was to start the following day at 8 A.M.

I left my new place of employment as if wafted on the breeze of an air-brush. I had about fifty cents in my pocket. Somehow without realizing it, I found myself back near the burlesque house. I figured I'd celebrate getting a job by getting a 25 cent seat in the balcony and spending the other quarter on lunch. It was now one o'clock. The matinee started at 2:15 so I could go to Bamberger's sporting goods and toy departments and look at baseball gloves and try jumping on a pogo stick, a new toy at that time. However, Fate stepped in. On the way up Market Street there was a new novelty store with tricks, puzzles and games in the window. I stopped and looked. Right in the center of the display was a booklet, "Tack's Cartoon Tips." It cost 50 cents. This seemed to me that some power above, was testing me. Would I choose the road of pleasure with Jerri McCauley or the road to success with Tack Knight? There were alternatives I weighed; go to the show now and buy the book on my first payday, go to the show and not eat and maybe be allowed to buy the book two bits down and the rest on the arm. Even as I mulled things over, I knew I was being tested. It came down to my whole future vs. giving in to one's baser appetites.

Tack (my cartooning Mr. Chips) scored a great victory. I walked into the store and bought the book before I could change my mind. So Tack pointed the way for me fifty (I can't believe it) years ago.

By the bye, Jerri McCauley married Ray Steele the wrestler and as far as I know, Jerri never knew of competing with "Ol' Tackingham" as I call him.

I met Tack in person at the California National Cartoonists Society Convention at Monterey in 1966 when I was Prez. I had flown out and stayed with Jimmy Hatlo, Jr. in Pebble Beach and Confrere Tommy Thompson in Stockton, Calif. Then we flew to San Francisco (or was it vice versa?). Anyway we took a train going to another stop-off on the Cartoonists' itinerary. Pulling into the station there was good ol' Tack and his lovely Lorraine running beside the train, waving and calling out names of the cartooners on board.

Tack and Lorraine and all the California guys working with Chairman Bob Barnes made it a wonderful week. But it was Tack who made everbody have a good time and had the best time himself.

Tack and Jack Dempsey are the same age; both are champions and both are the youngest 81-year olds around. Liking what they're doing and liking people keeps them young in body and spirit.

***LITTLE FOLKS—MAYBE THE 13TH MONTH?—BY "TACK" KNIGHT***

MY BIRTHDAY IS IN APRIL AND MY BIRTHSTONE IS A DIAMOND!
I GUESS YOU'RE LUCKY ALL RIGHT BUT I'D JUST AS SOON HAVE A PEARL! I WAS BORN IN JUNE!
MY MOTHER'S BIRTHSTONE IS AN OPAL, FOR OCTOBER!
PAPA SAYS HIS IS A GRINDSTONE! WHAT MONTH IS THAT?
TACK" KNIGHT

*Photo by Ken Arnold*

*San Francisco Press Club, June 21, 1974. Tack Knight receiving NCS Silver T-Square Award, presented by Helen Hayes. (Morrie Brickman looking on)*

Guess what Tack's non-nickname is... are you ready? The "Tack" is short for "Thackston" no less. That was his mother's maiden name. It was his playmates who nailed him with "Tack." Tack's dad, bridge building boss for The Southern Railway, died when the lad was seven. And the little family moved to Waynesville, N.C. where the boy went to grade school. The Yellow Kid Sunday page and Tack were born about the same time. It's a good bet that Thackston was drawing at 5 or 6. Probably with charred wood from the fireplace a la Abe Lincoln. Like all cartoonists he certainly drew in school. Wasn't that what the blank pages in all the books were for?

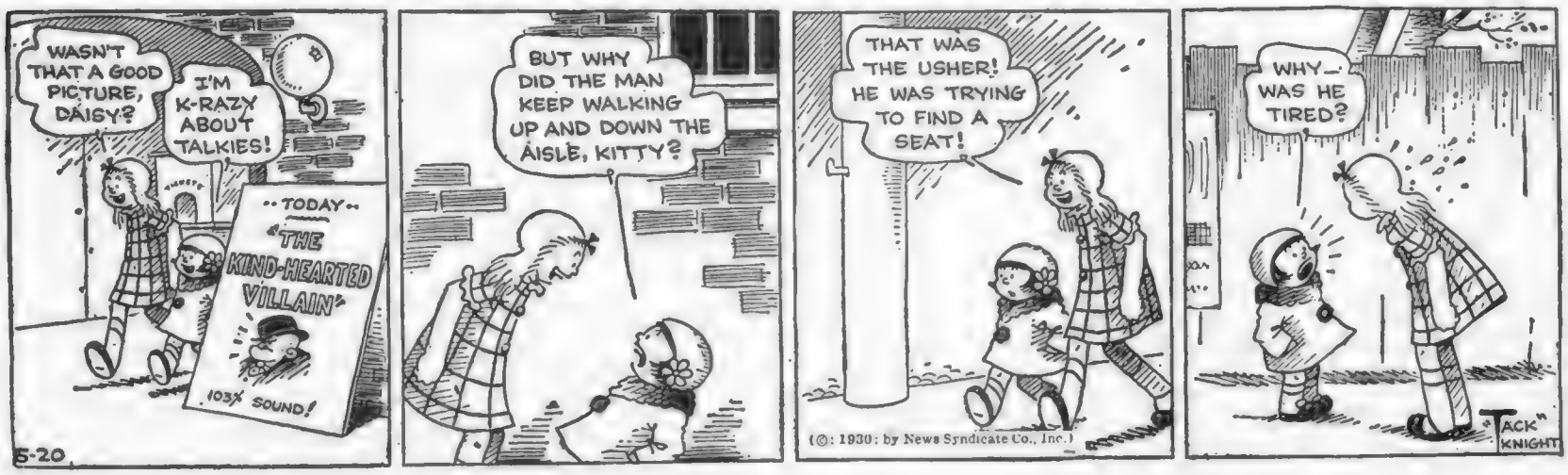
Tack was a happy ambitious kid, always busy at some kind of chore but drawing every spare moment. The editor of the Waynesville paper encouraged the boy's cartoon efforts and published Tack's first cartoon in 1909 when the young ink-slinger was 14. Tack studied the work of every cartoonist he could find — there weren't so many in those days.

In 1913 Tack made a big move. He migrated to San Francisco where he enrolled at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. He drew morning, noon and night.

In 1914 he went across the Bay to the Oakland Tribune and landed a job in the Art Dep't. He submitted a sports cartoon to the editor and he liked it! The managing editor liked the young man and his work so a Knight

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1930

**LITTLE FOLKS—THE QUESTIONNAIRE**


WASN'T THAT A GOOD PICTURE, DAISY?
I'M K-RAZY ABOUT TALKIES!
--TODAY--
"THE KIND-HEARTED VILLAIN"
103% SOUND!
5-20
BUT WHY DID THE MAN KEEP WALKING UP AND DOWN THE AISLE, KITTY?
THAT WAS THE USHER! HE WAS TRYING TO FIND A SEAT!
(©: 1930: by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)
WHY— WAS HE TIRED?
TACK" KNIGHT

cartoon on sports appeared once a week and Tack was launched on his career. Every form of cartoon art fascinated the young artist, so in 1916 he went back to San Francisco working for Animated Film Corp. Then came 1917 and America entered World War I to make the world safe for democracy. Tack did his bit, helping to win the Battle of San Pedro alongside of gagman John P. Medbury and a young fellow named Goodwin Knight (no relation) who years later became Governor of California. The three of them were odd-bodied seamen.

Tack was always very helpful and kind to aspiring cartoonists. When he started drawing, the fountainhead of cartoondom from which all other cartoonists flowed was McCutcheon — a giant in his field, the man whose penline and outlook was to influence Briggs, Webster, Beck, Dwiggins, Johnstone, Gene Byrnes, Ad Carter and Tack Knight.

Tack met his idol McCutcheon in the Chi. Tribune. McCutcheon liked the young man's work and gave him some advice on "H.I." (human interest) cartoons.

Another all time giant whose work Tack studied and emulated was George Herriman of Krazy Kat — also Cliff Sterrett who drew "Polly and Her Pals."

Tack put out his first "Tack's Cartoon Tips" in 1923. It sold very well. And in my own case I would put it up against the Landon or Evans courses which sold for many times more money. In all there have been eight editions of "Tack's Cartoon Tips." Many thousands of working cartoonists can point to Tack as their Mr. Chips and his book as their Alma Mater. Vernon Greene who followed Geo. McManus drawing Jiggs was a Tack student. So were Tommy Thompson, George Wolfe, Hy Eisman and Hank Ketcham... and just about every other pro to some degree.

In 1924 Tack was with the short-lived Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.'s Illustrated Daily Herald in San Francisco as Art Editor and sports cartoonist.

Someone tipped Tack off that a big syndicated cartoonist vacationing in Carmel was looking for an assistant. It was Gene Byrnes, creator of "Reg'lar Fellers." It was a copy of "Cartoon Tips" which Tack sent to Byrnes as a sample that clinched the deal. Tack worked with Byrnes in Carmel and did such a good job Byrnes asked Tack to go to N.Y. with him. It was a great association for both of them. "Reg'lar Fellers" reached its pinnacle at this time and Tack looks back happily at those good ol' days saying "we were like brothers."

I got to know Gene about 1950. He had lost his zest for the hard work of actually drawing. Gene was a great promoter and dynamic salesman. He confided to me ruefully in the 1960's that he should have given more attention to his feature.

A parting of the ways between Tack and Gene occurred when Tack sold a weekly feature to Famous Funnies. Tack's creation was called "My Big Brudder" and was advertised on delivery trucks all over Manhattan. Rudy Dirks of "Captain And The Kids" fame mentioned this to Byrnes and static developed between star and understudy, leading to a regrettable splitto.

The split was probably a blessing in whiskers for the ghost artist. On Friday, Dec. 13, 1929 he had a meeting with Cap't Joseph Medill Patterson of The New York Daily News. Tack submitted a dozen kid strips. Cap't Patterson had an ability for picking successful strips and his reaction to Tack's work was: "Mr. Knight, I think you've got something... see me in Chicago next Tuesday." That was like being touched by a magic wand. Tack felt ten times better than the winner of the Irish Sweepstakes.

When Tack arrived on that fateful Tuesday at the Tribune Tower for his appointment with Capt. Patterson, something happened that might have been written by Horatio Alger whose plots always had the overbearing bully getting his comeuppance and the young hero emerging triumphant.

A couple of weeks before, Tack was in this same Chicago Tribune Syndicate office showing his cartoon wares to an aloof Arthur Crawford the Managing Editor, who turned Tack down. This time Crawford came through the reception room, recognized the visitor and asked, "What are you doing here?" He was amazed when Tack told him Cap't Patterson had given him an appointment. Crawford, wanting to be close to what was going on, volunteered: "I'll go with you when the Captain arrives at his office." What could Tack say but "okay."

As they entered Cap't Patterson's inner office, Crawford started to show him some strips he was holding. Patterson waved them away saying "I'm not interested in those! Mr. Knight has just what we want! See that they

"TACK" KNIGHT'S SHINING HOUR
By AL TOLF
BORN IN DILLSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA ON APRIL 4, 1895 --- TACK'S AMBITION TO BECOME A BIG-LEAGUE BALL PLAYER ENDED - WHEN HIS FIRST CARTOON WAS PUBLISHED WHEN HE WAS JUST 14 YEARS OLD -- STILL IN KNEE BRITCHES.
WAYNESVILLE MOUNTAINEER
CLIMBERS REACH TOP
ON THE EVENING OF FRIDAY JUNE 21, 1974 THE VETERAN CARTOONIST OF NATIONAL RENOWN WAS HONORED BY THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CARTOON AND HUMOR ASSOCIATION --- AWARDED THE COVETED "SILVER T-SQUARE" BY THE NATIONAL CARTOONISTS SOCIETY --- & HOSTED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO.
-THRU THE EFFORTS OF MORRIE BRICKMAN BERNIE KAHN & ED MITCHELL.
TACK'S VARIED CAREER EMBRACED STINTS IN MOVIELAND -- STORY DEPT.-WALT DISNEY -- ANIMATION AT FLEISCHER STUDIOS -- "HORACE COPE" SERIES ON KGO-TV, SAN FRANCISCO
HIS NEWSPAPER CAREER STARTED AS SPORTS CARTOONIST FOR THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE IN 1914.
BOSS
WE'RE RUNNING LATE!
ONE OF HIS LASTING TRIUMPHS WAS THE BOOK, "TACK'S CARTOON TIPS" FOR ASPIRING CARTOONISTS. SOLD OVER 15,000 COPIES.
THIS BOOK HAS INSPIRED SCORES OF NOW-SUCCESSFUL CARTOONISTS WHO WERE LURED BY THIS ADVERTISEMENT:
"A CARTOONIST'S HARDEST JOB — ROLLING HOME THE MONEY!"
LITTLE FOLKS
LOOK!
TACK GHOSTED THE SYNDICATED "REG'LAR FELLERS" COMIC STRIP (BY GENE BYRNES) AND CREATED "MY BIG BRUDDER" FOR DELL PUBLICATIONS IN THE 20's.
CARMEL BY-THE-SEA
IN 1930, TACK CREATED "LITTLE FOLKS" - WITH BAXTER AS THE HERO. WIDELY SYNDICATED BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, THE STRIP HAD APPEARED LOCALLY, FULL-PAGE IN THE SUNDAY COMIC SECTION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.
NOW LIVING IN RETIREMENT WITH HIS DEVOTED WIFE, LORRAINE. HE'S PROSPERING IN NICKEL-A-BET WINS WITH HIS BUDDIES ON THE PUTTING GREEN -- NEAR HIS HOME IN SAN FRANCISCO.

LITTLE FOLKS
Hooray for Uncle Jasper!
MY UNCLE JASPER WAS A FAMOUS BALL CATCHER IN HIS DAY!
WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE MISSED?
UNCLE JASPER NEVER MISSED!
NEITHER DOES MY MOM ON FRESH BREAD!
DOES SHE USE A SYSTEM?
I'LL SAY SO! SHE PICKS THE CERTAIN FRESH BREAD WITH A DATE BAND!
Here's how to be sure of fresh bread always
Everyone agrees fresh bread tastes better. The problem, housewives have found, was how to pick out fresh loaves every day!
We've met this problem squarely—and solved it—in bringing you Julia Lee Wright's. This flavorful "woman's recipe" bread is costly to bake—it deserves a special freshness plan.
And here's the plan. Each loaf, as it leaves the oven, is given a DATE BAND. This band assures your getting Julia Lee Wright's unfailingly fresh—at tip-top goodness—every loaf.
We say you'll like Julia Lee Wright's lots better. Unless you say so too—all your money will be instantly refunded!
Julia Lee Wright's
(From her favorite recipe)
SLICED WHITE
(DATED) FRESH TODAY
Note date of ideal freshness plainly marked on every loaf!
AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY . . . SAFEWAY
Boys and girls! Start a "Little Folks" scrapbook. Cut out and color these drawings—it's fun!

*Little Folks in Advertising*

start in the N.Y. News in January! And you, Mr. Knight, go to California for Christmas with your family but be back here right after the first of the year so you'll be close to what's going on!"

You can almost see Crawford pulling his mustache (and if he didn't have one he should have) and snarling "curses!" as he slunk from the sanctum sanctorum.

Patterson, who worked closely with all his cartoonists, named Tack's series "Little Folks." The strip got off to a good start and on Sunday, May 30, 1930 a Sunday page was added. But features like everything else had tough going in the depression years of the 30's. Little Folks was cancelled after 3½ years. Tack asked that the rights to the feature revert to him. Crawford, still the Syndicate "No" man, told Tack that was never done. "Out of the question! No chance!" But Tack sent his request directly to Cap't Patterson and, wow! Back came the okay. Again Crawford was nonplussed. Tack, his nemesis, had bested him again.

It was an unusual situation and it paid off big with Tack selling his characters to the top ad agencies. Safeway Stores was a big client. Wright's Bread was another. Tack was servicing ad agencies with cartoons long before Johnstone and Cushing opened their specialty cartoon ad firm.

Tack was always busy. His Cartoon Tips continued edition after edition. Tack was an early TV performer drawing on camera. He was ahead of his time, too early for the big money spending sponsors of today.

I know a lot of happily married cartoonists. But right up top with the happiest is Tack Knight and his Lorraine.

Lorraine and Tack were married in Reno, Nov. 11, 1950. They announced they had signed The Armistice. Today it's called Veterans' Day and that fits our lovebirds too.

For a little while in Hollywood when movies based on biographies were the rage they all ended with the big banquet scene. "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Miss Bishop," about teachers, "Zola" with Paul Muni, "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" with Edward G. Robinson. After five or six reels depicting the main character's struggles, everything fell into place. The main character's struggles were crowned with success, ending with him or her sitting on the dais in a sumptuous banquet hall being given a standing ovation by the greats of royalty, politics, medicine, education, law, the arts or whatever.

On June 21, 1974...a Friday...The National Cartoonists Society honored Tack with a testimonial dinner at the San Francisco Press Club. No banquet ever had a more deserving guest of honor. The greats of his profession showered their affection on their colleague.

Tack was presented with the Society's Silver T-Square for his contribution in bettering the profession of cartooning. No award was ever more wholeheartedly given and none ever more appreciated.

A proper presenter is important at a function of this kind. And what a prestigious personage the cartoonist had to unsheath the silver trophy and Knight the Knight. Helen Hayes, wonderful first lady of the theatre and a fan of Tack's since she followed his strip in her days on the road, made a warm, gracious, address. Tack well may treasure every word.

As great as the affair was with all their friends present, the best part must have been when the party was over and Tack and his Lorraine were alone together to savor everything that had gone on. A great night, and looking back...a great life...for a great pair...

I've always advised young people to work at something they enjoy doing...then it's not work...Tack found that out before I did.

Tack's retired now. Golf is his relaxation. But cartooning is still his baby.

So...Happy Days Tackingham and Lovely Lorraine. ●

# EEK & MEEK

by Howie Schneider

*INTERVIEW BY PETDER LIPPMAN*

*One of our loyal readers, Petder Lippman, did the following interview with HOWIE SCHNEIDER, the creator of EEK & MEEK (distributed by the Newspaper Enterprise Association), and of THE CIRCUS OF P.T. BIMBO (Distributed by Enterprise Features). Petder Lippman graduated from NYU last year after his studies in film making. He completed an animated commercial while there, called 'The Thing from Brand X'. He also wrote a twice-weekly comic strip titled 'These Hard Times' for the NYU newspaper. During the past year he has worked on the Third International Animation Film Festival, on several commercials, and until recently was the assistant to the producer of CP subscriber Jules Feiffer's comedy, 'Knock Knock'. Petder prefaced his interview with these comments: "Gerrard, my friend from France, borrowed an airplane and flew us up to Cape Cod from New Jersey in an hour, for my meeting with Howie Schneider. Howie picked us up at the Provincetown Airport and drove us to his home on the beach. Once there we settled in on the back porch, eating plums and talking about Howie, NYC, humor and cartooning.*

*"Now back at my apartment, transcribing our interview, I am reminded of that afternoon — filled with laughter and warmth, it is an afternoon that I will enjoy for a long time."*

*Q: Now that you're involved with a second strip, the Circus of P.T. Bimbo, in addition to your Eek and Meek feature, don't you have twice the workload?*

A: It's really not that much more. And doing the second one gives me a change of pace. Eek and Meek was a certain kind of strip — sort of philosophical, with political and social comments on life. There's a poignancy about it, as for instance in the strip I wrote the other day showing Eek walking alone and saying to himself, "Living alone isn't difficult. All you need is a nice apartment, some good books and a healthy attitude about rejection!" Now I can't say that in Bimbo. What I wanted in Bimbo was a strip that was just plain funny. You look at the newspapers and you see all kinds of horrible things. So many strips today are trying to be meaningful and of course are succeeding — there's a lot of wisdom in many of their comments. But, for a change of pace,

**EEK & MEEK** **by Howie Schneider**

...AND THEN WE HAVE OUR BUSY EXECUTIVE TIME-SAVER BREAKFAST... ONE EGG AND COFFEE 50¢
OKAY... I'LL HAVE THAT
HEY, SAM... GIMME AN EL CHEAPO
2-9
©1976 by Howie Schneider Inc. TM Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

# THE CIRCUS OF P.T. BIMBO

by Howie Schneider

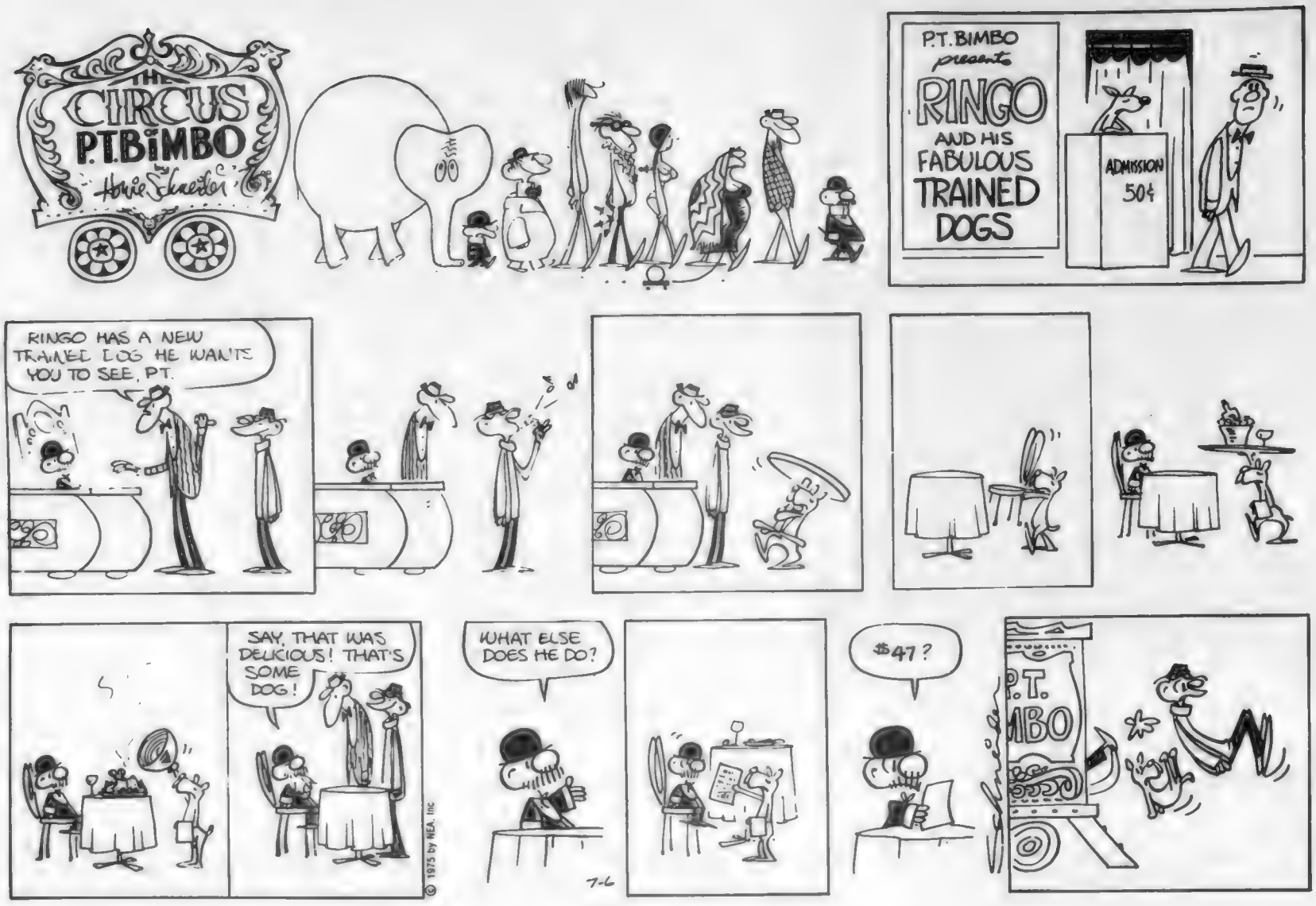
*PHOTO BY PETDER LIPPMAN*

I just wanted to create a slapstick, funny strip. The circus seemed to me a perfect subject for such a strip. Besides which it gives me an opportunity to draw a lot of motion — as in the case of the juggler juggling six things with arms and feet moving wildly — all in one drawing.

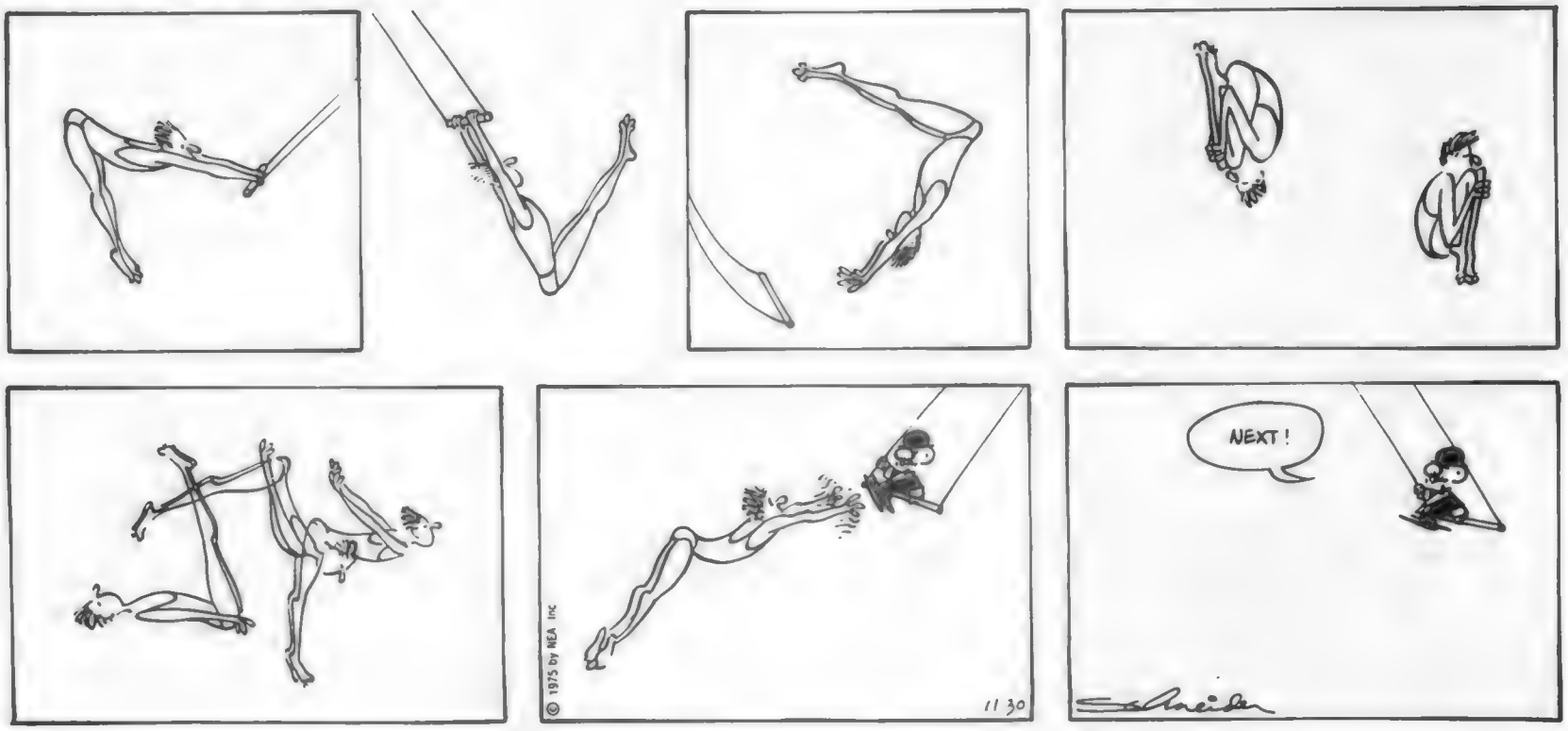
*Q: Your procedure in arriving at a finished Bimbo strip is different from the one you use in the case of Eek and Meek, isn't it?*
A: Yes. I have to think out Eek and Meek ideas first and then I draw them. In the case of Bimbo, I begin with a funny drawing and the idea evolves from that. For instance, recently I drew a guy flying off a trapeze with his body twisting through all kinds of funny positions. But I couldn't get by with merely a funny drawing — I needed a funny *idea.* So I showed him flying toward the next swing where P.T. Bimbo is sitting. The trapeze guy misses and he falls to the ground. In the last panel Bimbo is still sitting on the swing hollering, "NEXT!" Or maybe I'll start a Sunday Bimbo idea with a magician making something appear — whatever it happens to be. That will start my idea process rolling. But, as I said, Eek and Meek ideas come about differently — I have to think them out beforehand and then illustrate them. When I began Eek and Meek, I wanted the drawing to be as unnoticeable as possible. Both the characters were identical to begin with, but after discussing it with the syndicate, we decided to put a hat on one of them. I wanted an existential strip with nothing interfering with the words. The words were such that you had to read them-'bing — bing — bing — bing'-to get the idea. If you read 'bing' and then said to yourself, "Oh look at that nice drawing" and then went on to the second 'bing', the effect would have been destroyed. I wanted to make them just as simple as possible, but as time went on, I began to use ideas that involved the drawing.

*Q: Doing Eek and Meek is almost like you were writing a joke book.*
A: Right. In fact, I've taken a number of lines from the strip and typed them up in a series of quotes. "A man that is not totally confused these days is not well informed" — that's one example. Or "I never knew what happiness was until I got married — then I remembered." You could lift these lines right out of the comic strip and they'd be funny by themselves. The difference between Eek and

the CIRCUS of P.T. BIMBO
by Howie Schneider
HEY, BROMO... CALL THE VETERINARIAN
FELDMAN'S TRAINED FLEAS
© 1975 by NEA Inc
WHY?... WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MY FLEAS HAVE A SERIOUS CASE OF THE DOGS
7-10


THE CIRCUS P.T.BIMBO
Howie Schneider
P.T. BIMBO present
RINGO AND HIS FABULOUS TRAINED DOGS
ADMISSION 50¢
RINGO HAS A NEW TRAINED DOG HE WANTS YOU TO SEE, P.T.
SAY, THAT WAS DELICIOUS! THAT'S SOME DOG!
© 1975 by NEA, Inc
WHAT ELSE DOES HE DO?
7-6
$47?
P.T. BIMBO

## the CIRCUS of P.T. BIMBO



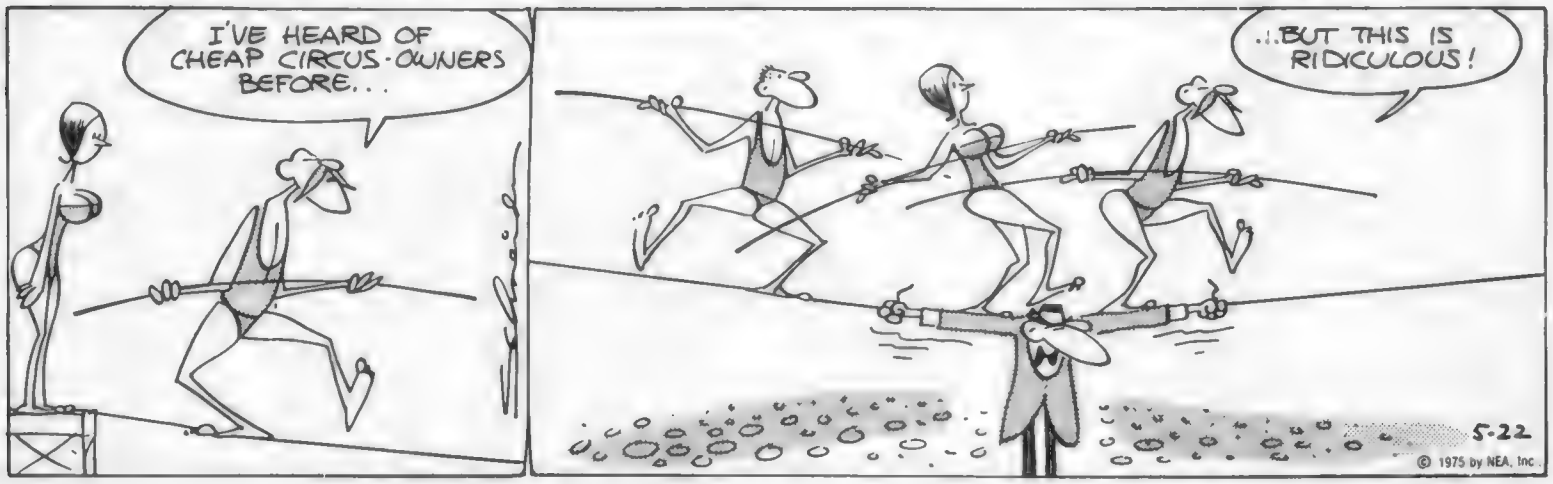
**EEK & MEEK** by Howie Schneider

**the CIRCUS of P.T. BIMBO** by Howie Schneider

**EEK & MEEK** by Howie Schneider

AREN'T YOU BOTHERED BY ALL THE MISERY AND SUFFERING IN THE WORLD?
NO...
© 1976 by NEA, Inc., T.M. Reg U.S. Pat. Off
I PUT ALL THAT BEHIND ME
2-10

**the CIRCUS of P.T. BIMBO** by Howie Schneider



Meek and Bimbo is like the difference between the monologist and the comedian. You can simply read what the monologist says and get a laugh. But if you just read what a comedian has said, it's not nearly as funny as if you had seen the comedian perform the material himself. With the comedian you can't divorce him from his gestures or words, whereas with the monologist you can.

*Q: Could you say a little something about the way you work — your methods, your tools, etc.*

A: I've been using a Mitchell chisel point pen that I find really satisfactory. I do my penciling on sheets of layout paper and I use the light box a lot. In the Bimbo strip there's a heck of a lot of movement that has to be sketched out just right, so if my first pencil attempt doesn't suit me, I can put another layout sheet on top of the first one on the light board and do a fresh sketch and a better one. Or with this method, I can more easily make changes if I decide to rearrange the panels, to make one a little wider, or whatever. When I finally get the penciling the way I want it on a layout sheet, I can put a sheet of 2-ply vellum-finish Strathmore on top of it on the lightboard and then ink the finish directly on the Strathmore.

*Q: When you want to think up gags, do you go through any sort of a process?*

A: Well, I've walked around the beaches here or if I ride my bike that sometimes helps. I really don't get into that much trouble as far as idea-production is concerned. When I do, and I have to walk or ride around, often I can feel something happening to my head and then I know I can write ideas right off. Then again, sometimes I'll sit down to write and feel like my head is nothing.

*Q: Do you set hours for yourself to draw?*

A: Yes — I start about 7 in the morning — get up at 6. That's not because I'm an early riser — it's just that my son's an early riser. So we both get up at 6. Maybe I'll go for a ride on my bike, pick up a paper, have a cup of coffee. Those early hours are so productive — nobody around, no phone calls. I just go ahead and write — and sometimes turn out a whole week's worth before 10 o'clock. Then I get so high on that — it's fantastic.

*Q: Do you have any problems with your deadline?*

A: No — not any more. I used to let things slide when I was just doing Eek and Meek. I should have been disciplined a little better. You see I would do two weeks' work and then would take off for a week. So naturally coming back to the board was very difficult. So now I work every day — even if it's only for an hour or two. This keeps me constantly sharp. It seems that if I stop working for a week, my mind starts dealing with other things and forgets to look at the world with a gag-oriented slant. I remember hearing that Ernest Hemingway made it a point to always write for at least an hour a day for the same reason. And he used another trick that I find valuable. Each day he stopped work just at a point where he was doing something exciting. Then this holdover excitement drew him to his work the next morning — and he couldn't wait to get at it.

*Q: With papers printing strips smaller and smaller, how big are you doing your originals these days?*

A: 13″ by 3 7/8″. The 16″ width of the strips I used to do was being reduced down to three columns in some papers. That was too much — lines were dropping out and the zipatone was not visible so I began to work in the present size. So when you reduce thirteen down to seven, it's not that much of a reduction. And I had to live with lines dropping out, etc., because I work five months in advance and couldn't do anything about the strips which had already been completed.

*Q: Many jokes have been written before and the punchlines often fit into new situations. Do you find yourself trying to dredge up gags with this method?*

A: Generally I don't like to do it but you can fall back on some of these old patterns if you have to. As an example, Eek will ask Monique, "How'd you learn to cook?" She says, "Trial and error" and he comes back with, "Well, let me try some Trial for a change." So the next thing from that might be, "Do you have any secrets to your cooking, or is it just hit or miss?" Then when Monique replies, "Hit or miss", he quips, "Well, let me have some Hit!" These are the same pattern of course.

You can establish pacing if you really know what you're doing, you can say the most nonsensical thing in the world and somebody will laugh — simply because the pacing is right. In other words, take a really good joke, duplicate the pacing and the rhythm of it, put in an extraneous punch line and you'll find that people will laugh. It's really weird. I'm always trying something different like the Sunday page you're including here which has the magician saying, "I will make a card disappear before your very eyes!" I think there are several points which elicit a laugh as you look through the page. I put in a punch line at the end but there were gags all along.

*Q: You often talk about your characters as if they were real!*

A: They *are* real. I'm dealing with 30 characters and I didn't know what they were like when I started. I said to myself, "I'll have a knife-thrower, a juggler, a midget, a strong man, etc., etc. Eventually situations and relations began to develop — like this one began to go with that one. For some unknown reason you begin to put two people together, then they have to talk to somebody else and things begin to happen. Personalities begin to appear. As soon as something begins to appear, you go with it and you develop it a little further so personalities become stronger and stronger. Then they become people that you know, so you think about them in that way.

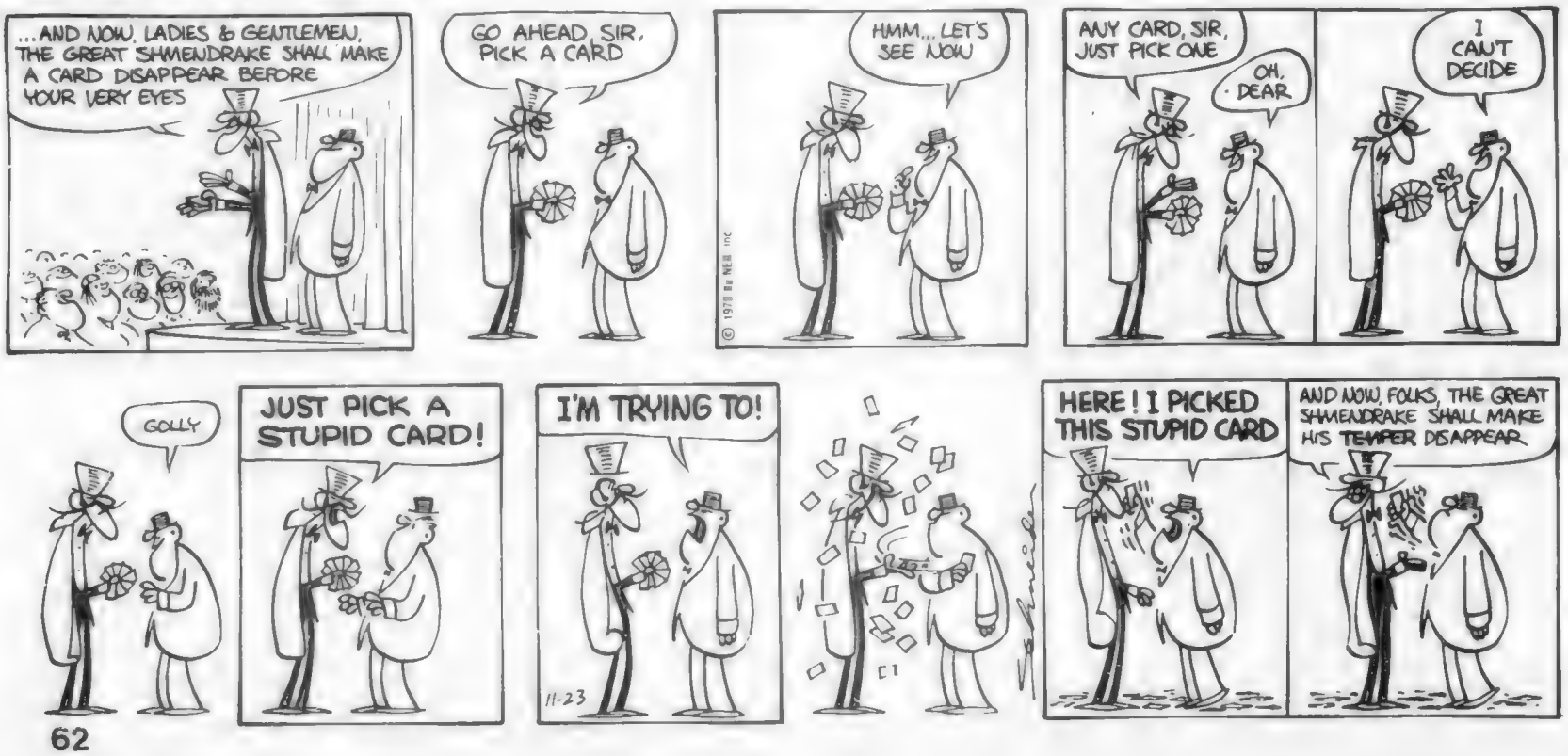
*Q: Would you rather do gags that flow out of the character of a particular person in the strip, than ones which may be funnier but which don't relate to the character?*

A: Sure but you'd have to wait for the former until you have characters. You can't start out with character gags because you might find your characters developing in a different direction than you planned originally. The characters somehow develop themselves, and only when you know who and what they are can you do character gags.

*Q: How long did it take you to come out with P.T. Bimbo?*

A: I'd been working on it for about 3 years slowly. I was in no hurry, I just thought about it, doodling signs and names, characters — the juggler, the lady dancer, a guy on a

**the CIRCUS of P.T. BIMBO**


...AND NOW, LADIES & GENTLEMEN, THE GREAT SHMENDRAKE SHALL MAKE A CARD DISAPPEAR BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES
GO AHEAD, SIR, PICK A CARD
HMM... LET'S SEE NOW
© 1978 By NEA, INC
ANY CARD, SIR, JUST PICK ONE
OH, DEAR
I CAN'T DECIDE
GOLLY
JUST PICK A STUPID CARD!
I'M TRYING TO!
11-23
HERE! I PICKED THIS STUPID CARD
AND NOW, FOLKS, THE GREAT SHMENDRAKE SHALL MAKE HIS TEMPER DISAPPEAR

EEK & MEEK
by Howie Schneider
LEMME HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, JOHN, OLD BUDDY
YOU'VE ALREADY HAD SIX, FIELDSTONE
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT THE WIFE SAID SHE WANTS ME HOME BY SEVEN
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trapeze and I did these all in one book so that I could always look back and refer to my old doodles. When a name, such as 'Legs Akimbo' for the dancer, or 'Heavy Lamarr' for the fat lady, occurred to me, I'd put those in the doodling book too. So things began to develop, and as soon as you have two or three characters, you have them doing things. I would doodle Legs Akimbo sitting on a stool, having a drink, walking in the park and so forth. Gradually more things began to happen. Incidentally, I asked Lee Falk for permission to call my magician, Shmendrake, and he said, "Sure". The knife thrower has his target, Zelda, who is a member of 'Human Targets of America' — a quick turnover union. He's got heavy glasses and he can't see straight.

*Q: Eek and Meek grew out of another strip idea you had called 'Polly Ticks', didn't it?*
A: Yes, she was a secretary in Washington and one of the characters was a scientist who was doing experiments with mice. In one strip a mouse with a big cigar in his mouth says, "I've got a great job — I'm working for the government cancer research program — I'm smoking for them." The other mouse pipes up with, "Big deal — I'm in genetics!" And that was the first Eek and Meek idea. After that the mice talked to each other so well that I forgot about the rest of the strip and went with the mice. And I had good luck with them.

*Q: But now they're no longer in a human world — they're in their own.*
A: Yes, they've really changed a lot. They no longer have stick arms and legs but have meaty arms and such, and they're in bars and restaurants such as 'Monique's Meals'. I don't know why it is that I work with food a lot but I do. And I like to have 5 or 6 sets of strips going at once. Then, as I get ideas, I fit them into an appropriate set. If you look at certain things and switch the association around, you get a funny idea. For example, you may notice a furniture store having a sale of used furniture. This may lead me to showing 'Monique's Meals' having a used-sandwich sale, etc.

*Q: You've said that you've always had a fascination for words, haven't you?*
A: Yes, I guess if it hadn't been for this fascination I had with words, I would have become a sculptor or a painter. But I really do like playing with them. I like to find strange associations between words — such as between the word 'courtesan' and 'cortisone'. They're very similar because they both offer only temporary relief! I like to find these silly associations. So that's why being a cartoonist is the best thing for me.

*Q: You develop a good many of your Eek and Meek ideas just by starting a conversation between a couple of your characters, and then working things out from there, don't you?*
A: Yes, I remember one where Eek walks into a bar and just sits there. He says to the bartender, "You're not talking today, are you John?" John asks, "How can you tell?" Eek: "I read lips." That just developed — I didn't get that idea fresh — I just wrote a little dialogue and the strip developed out of it.
Then there's the strip where one of the characters says his wife complains that he spends so much time in a saloon that they ought to go to a marriage counselor. Whereupon he suggests that they see a saloon counselor. They say that drinking and marriage don't mix. But if a man knows how to drink, a little marriage can't hurt. They say that the early bird catches the worm. But the same proverb says that the early worm gets caught by the bird. So at first you're saying it for the bird but if you switch it around, you're saying it for the worm. It brings out the humor. It exposed the fallacy of the proverb because if you're a bird, it's a great proverb, but if you're a worm.....
You see what I mean by working with words, switching them around, thinking of different associations, etc.

*Q: When you first moved from New York City to Provincetown on Cape Cod, you weren't sure you could write the same kind of comedy you did in N.Y. Right?*
A: I always thought I needed a certain amount of frustration in order to be able to write humor. I still think humor comes from a basic imbalance in the humorist. This he adjusts through humor — something's got to be wrong somewhere for him to try and find humor. I thought coming up to Provincetown, where everything was so sweet and wonderful, I wouldn't be able to write anything, but I'm finding just the opposite — I'm writing twice as much and better stuff. I don't know why — I guess my theory is wrong.
I can still think about craziness and things like that, just as easily as I did before. I remember in New York I would get into traffic jams and then I'd do two weeks on traffic in the strip. I did anti-car and anti-traffic for all the good it did. I felt I was getting it out of my system. You know New York is such a bundle of frustrations — I've analyzed it and I've figured out why... just living in the city requires so much energy that I don't spend up here on the Cape. If I had to go visit someone on 57th Street, it became an all day job. If you're finished by 4:30 or 5, you're caught in the rush hour, you can't go home, you can't get a cab, buses are jammed. You don't use your car so you pick up your suit from the cleaners, some groceries, a newspaper, your shoes — then before you know it, you're walking with both arms full and somebody sticks you up! You step into your lobby and there's a guy you've never seen before, crouching over in the corner and you don't know what that's all about. You're always existing on this kind of level there. Up here I get into my car and drive down a totally deserted street, and park right in front of a restaurant, right in the center of town. I get out, walk straight into the restaurant, meet a couple of my friends, have lunch, walk out of the restaurant, get into my car and go straight home — travel time, two minutes and four seconds. No traffic, no hassle, no parking problems. No 7 dollars for the first five minutes and 3 dollars each additional minute after that. I mean it's just so simple.

ALL CREW'S ACCOUNTED FOR EXCEPT ONE, CHIEF!
THE MELANIE JOY IS MISSING!
SHE'S AN HOUR OVERDUE!
FIFTY EIGHT MINUTES, O'GRADY!
VROOOMP...
WAIT! LISTEN!
I'D KNOW HER SOUND ANYWHERE...
KRONCH-A-SPLATT!
SHE'S COMING HOME!
HROOONG-ARRRUMPFT!
SANITATION DEPARTMENT UNIT #17
SANITATION DEPT. GARAGE
NO PARKING
OKAY, MASON, YOU'RE (GLUG!) OVERDUE AND OVERLOADED AGAIN! SURE YOU'RE FLEET LEADER—BUT WHY PUSH YOUR MACHINE AND CREW SO HARD? (GASP!)
I JUST FIGURE THERE'S A JOB TO BE DONE, CHIEF.
Melanie Joy
YOU'RE (COUGH) GOING OUT AGAIN AT DAWN! BUILDING MAINTENANCE MEN AT RITZ! PLACE ARE ON STRIKE! RESIDENTS ARE THROWING GARBAGE OUT THE WINDOWS! (WHEW!)
NO MORE! NO MORE! I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE!
#17.
SOB
TAP TAP
I'VE HAD IT WITH TOUGH MISSIONS! I—I WANT A TRANSFER!
YEAH, KID! MAYBE YOUR OLD MAN CAN GET YOU A SOFT DESK JOB AT THE INCINERATOR! YOU SURE AIN'T GARBAGE MATERIAL!
LAY OFF THE KID, RAUNCHMAN!
SOB SOB
LISTEN TO ME, KID! NO ONE CAN TELL YOU HOW IT STINKS OUT THERE! YOU JUST HAD TO FIND OUT! MAYBE YOU CAN TURN YOUR BACK ON IT - BUT SOMEONE'S GOTTA DO THE DIRTY WORK!
MAYBE... MAYBE SOMEDAY... THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE GARBAGE....
HAH! D'YA HEAR THAT, GUYS?!
WISE UP, PROF! MAN WILL ALWAYS MAKE GARBAGE!
Jerry De Fuccio + Harry North

*This cartoon spread was done especially for CARTOONIST PROfiles. It was written by Jerry De Fuccio, and drawn by British cartoonist, Harry North, who is now a regular in the pages of MAD magazine.*

NEXT DAY THE **MELANIE JOY** IS ON THE **RITZI STREET** RUN...

COME ON, LADY! **MACARONI CHEESE** AN' **CIGAR BUTTS, COFFEE GROUNDS** AN' **MASH**— **GIVE US ALL YA GOT!**

SHUNK

UNIT #17

**RAUNCHMAN,** YOU FOOL! GET DOWN OFF THERE! **TAKE COVER!**

**CHICKENS' ENTRAILS MOLDY TOMATOES!..**

**DIS** IS WHERE WE'RE AT, **YA DUMB BROADS!**

**LAND IT ON DER TRUCK,** CAN'T YA?!

SPLUT

**YYAAAAAHOOOOOO! RAUNCHMAN!**

WHAT'S DAT **NOISE.?**

**THEY GOT RAUNCHMAN! PLEASE LET IT STOP! LET IT STOP!** I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE OF THIS **GARBAGE!**

!

SLAM

CLANK

**PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, KID!**

WHA..!

**RAUNCHMAN! YOU'RE OKAY! HA, HA— OKAY!? HAR, HAR HEE—**

JUMP

TH...THANKS, RAUNCHMAN... I **NEEDED** THAT!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE **MELANIE JOY** RETURNS HOME...

SIR, I'D (SNIFF) LIKE A **TRANSFER**— FOR THE GOOD OF THE **CREW!**

DISREGARD THAT, CHIEF! WE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN BACK IF IT WASN'T FOR THE **KID...**

**YEAH!** OUR **FANBELT** SNAPPED ON THE 14TH STREET OVERPASS! THE KID BRAIDED A MAKESHIFT ONE OUT OF OLD **STEEL WOOL!**

THIS CARROT TOP CLUSTER MAKES YOU "**COLLECTOR FIRST CLASS**"!

I CAN'T ACCEPT IT, SIR...

...THIS BELONGS TO THE **OLD GIRL!**

WHO'D'A **GUESSED** IT?! JUST LOOK AT THAT KID! (GULP) GEE! I'M SO **PROUD!**

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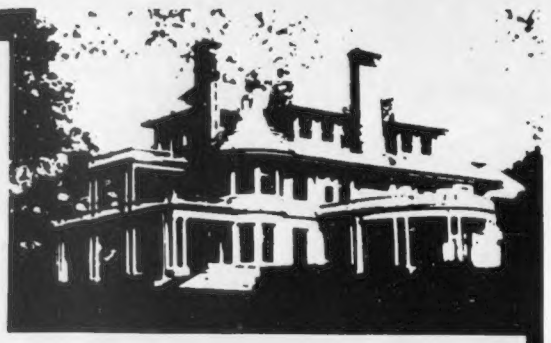

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# "Go Fly A Kite!"...

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